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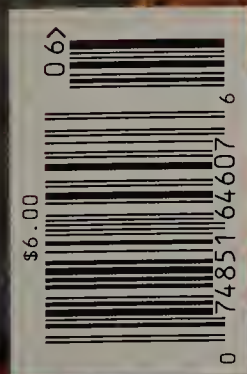
SINCE 1902

SPECIAL ISSUE: WOMEN
IN THE ART WORLD

MAURA REILLY CRUNCHES
THE NUMBERS

LINDA NOCHLIN: FEMINISM
THEN AND NOW

YOKO ONO TALKS MOMA



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ARTnews is not responsible for unsolicited submissions.

The complete contents of each issue of ARTnews are indexed in The Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, The Art Index, and The Bibliography of the History of Art.

Newsstand distribution by Comag Marketing Group, 155 Village Boulevard, Princeton Junction, NJ 08540. Telephone: 609-524-1800.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
ARTnews, P.O. Box 8506, Big Sandy, TX 75755.

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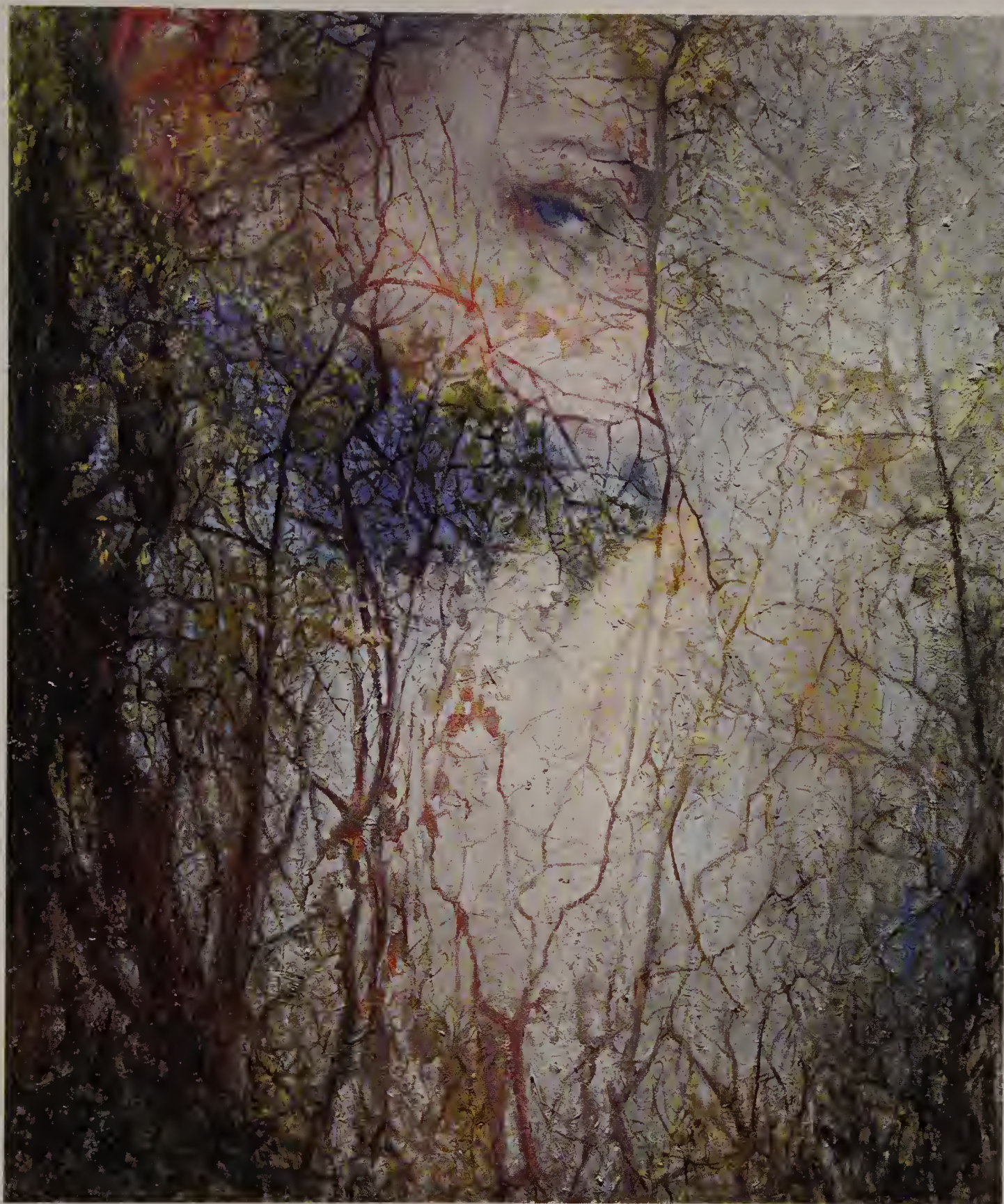
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Vol. 114, No. 6 (June). ARTnews (ISSN 0004-3273) is published monthly, except July and August, which are published as the Summer issue, by ARTnews Ltd, 40 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10010. ©2015 ARTnews Ltd. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. All subscription orders and customer service inquiries should be sent to ARTnews Subscription Service, P.O. Box 8506, Big Sandy, TX 75755 or call **800-284-4625**. Canadian and international subscribers may call 903-636-5648. Subscription rates: \$39.95 per year—Canadian: \$25 additional (GST Registration Number R129310785) Foreign: \$60 additional.

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Merge, 2015, oil on linen, 66 x 56 inches

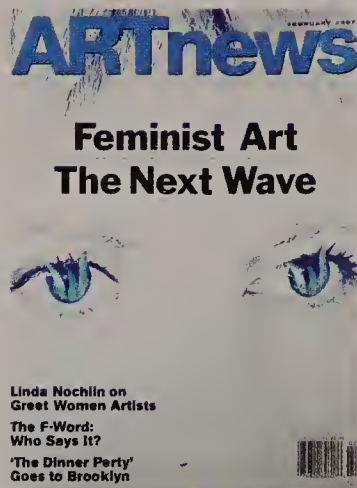
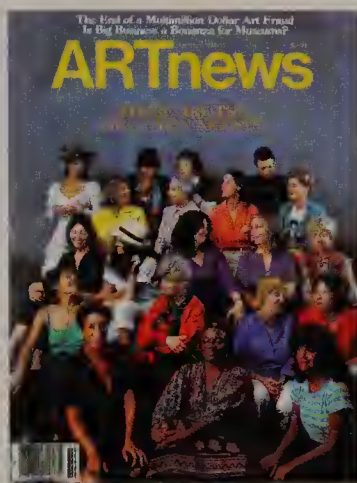
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"Well, first—that term, 'women artists.' I was talking to Joan Mitchell at a party about ten years ago when a man came up to us and said, 'What do you women artists think...' Joan grabbed my arm and said, 'Elaine, let's get the hell out of here.'"

—Elaine de Kooning in *ARTnews*, January 1971

In late April, at the Public Art Fund gala in New York, I was talking with an art dealer in her mid-30s, and mentioned that *ARTnews* was working on an issue devoted to women artists as well as to women working in the art world. Her smile evaporated and she heaved a sigh. "Would you do a men issue?" she asked me.

It wasn't the first time I had doubts about putting this issue together. In March, when guest contributing editor Maura Reilly, the founding curator of the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art at the Brooklyn Museum, and I were already hard at work on it, along with *ARTnews* co-executive editor Barbara MacAdam, I attended an Intelligence Squared debate in Hong Kong where the motion was "The Art World is a Boys' Club." The motion was defeated: by a narrow margin, the audience decided that the art world today is not a boys' club. Case closed! And yet, walking out of the auditorium, I couldn't help recalling the conversation I'd had with an art dealer in a taxi the previous day. He did a lot of business in the Chinese art world, and he said that when some collectors there get wind that a woman artist is starting a family, they stop buying the work in anticipation of a drop in that artist's market. Today's art world may not necessarily be a boys' club—there is, after all, a large number of estimable and empowered women working in its upper echelons, as artists, in museums, and as art dealers and critics—but that dealer's anecdote, a sad reminder of all the tired, old "mommy track" clichés, is one clear indication that there is still work to be done.

ARTnews has a long history of engagement with women's status in the art world, as demonstrated by the covers reproduced here. That tradition began in 1971, when the magazine published Linda Nochlin's landmark essay "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" an examination of the institutional structures that historically made it nearly impossible for women artists to gain a foothold. In that issue, eight artists, including Elaine de Kooning and Louise Nevelson, responded to Nochlin's question. ("Silly questions deserve long answers; followed by eight replies," as the magazine put it, rather cheekily.) For the present issue, we have as our centerpiece an essay by Reilly, a gathering of current statistics on women's representation in the art world.

Yes, as one of the debaters in Hong Kong put it, "debating numbers is like debating climate change"—like science, they are irrefutable—but we still wanted to hear from artists of different generations: Do these numbers tell the whole story? What has your experience been? And what can be done? Two of our artist-contributors—Eleanor Antin and Lynda Benglis—appeared in our 1971 issue. Also part of the package are essays by Amelia Jones, Alison M. Gingeras, and Ruba Katrib, and an interview with Linda Nochlin, on the occasion of the publication of the Reilly-edited volume *Women Artists: The Linda Nochlin Reader*, out this month.

As the artist Mary Miss, then 36, said in *ARTnews* in January 1980, "[E]ach generation will have to press for change to improve the status quo." She was right then, and she is right now. I look forward to the day when, as young artist Jamian Juliano-Villani puts it, "there will be more women in this." At that time, you have my word, we will do a men issue.

SARAH DOUGLAS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

PATHMAKERS

WOMEN IN ART, CRAFT
AND DESIGN,
MIDCENTURY AND TODAY

THROUGH
SEPTEMBER 27, 2015



Gabriel A. Maher, *DE__SIGN* (video), 2014.
Photo courtesy of the artist.

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OF FLIES AND HOMEMADE BOMBS

Yoko Ono's art world

BY M.H. MILLER

16  One recent afternoon, I was sitting in a room in Yoko Ono's apartment in the Dakota building on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, waiting for her to arrive. The apartment was dark, but this room was entirely white—white carpets, white walls, white table, white orchids on the table, and John Lennon's white grand piano, the top closed and covered with various awards (not white). I was sitting on a long white couch. Hanging on the walls were a not-insignificant number of Surrealist icons, and by the window overlooking Central Park was a miniature sculpture of a cat. The cat was black.

Ono came into the room as if she had suddenly sprouted out of the floor and took me into her kitchen. She wasn't wearing shoes, and she moved quickly and silently. She wore black, and her black hair was cropped short. She had on a pair of black sunglasses that, during the time I was with her, she never removed. Compared to the white room, I can only describe the kitchen as surprisingly suburban.

Ono is 82 and her current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, curated by Klaus Biesenbach and Christophe Cherix, focuses on her work during the years 1960 to 1971. The exhibition should serve as a final validation for her contributions to the avant-garde during that time, an acceptance into the canon that has, if not exactly eluded her, then at least been overshadowed by her marriage to Lennon.

The early experimental artist and critic Ken Friedman anointed Ono, in a 1972 article for *Art and Artists*, a member of "the historical founding circle" of Conceptual art. But months before the MoMA show opened, in the wake of a Biesenbach-curated exhibition of the musician Björk, perhaps the worst-reviewed show in the museum's recent history, critics were already lumping Ono into the pile of evidence of MoMA's celebrity worship. Ignoring Ono's role in the history of contemporary art is naive, but it's also rather typical. Controversy followed her even before she met

Lennon, whose fame brought Ono to an unprepared mass audience.

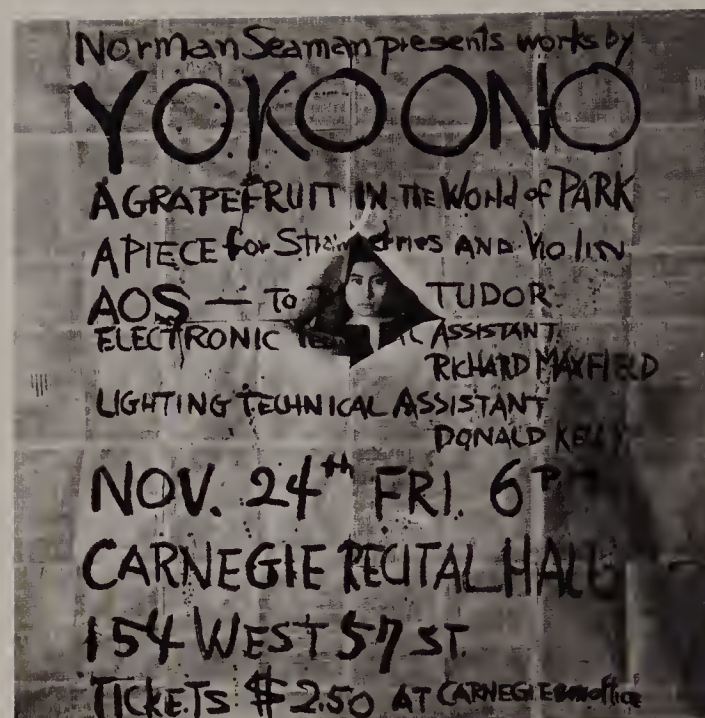
This is not Ono's first show at MoMA, though it would be fair to say that the first one never happened. It was called "The Museum of Modern [F]art," and mostly consisted of an ad Ono took out in the *Village Voice* and the *New York Times*, announcing a one-woman show at MoMA, running December 1 to 15, 1971. She produced a catalogue for the exhibition that depicts her standing in MoMA's sculpture garden with an enormous glass jar of flies, which she released into the city and hired a photographer to document as they moved across New York. She told me the idea to use flies in her work, which she did throughout the second half of the '60s, came to her from a British cartoon. "A guy with roving eyes looking at this woman with these huge breasts," she said, "you know, like this"—she made a kind of bulging gesture with her hands—"but she had a fly on her shirt, and so you didn't know if he was looking at the fly or the big boobs."

Of her MoMA show in 1971, Ono said, "But of course there were no flies, and no jar. It was just in your mind."

The entire thing was staged to look like it might have happened, though none of it ever did. Instead, visitors to the museum were greeted by a sign describing the release of the flies into the city and a handwritten note posted to the museum's ticket counter that said, "This Is Not Here." (The phrase recurs in Ono's work from this period and dates back to a 1961 gallery show, according to an essay by Emily Wasserman in *Artforum* from January 1972, for which Ono taped a piece of paper with the phrase written on it to an ugly filing cabinet that was too heavy to move.) Ono also made a film in which a young man stood outside MoMA and asked

OPPOSITE *Cut Piece* (1964) performed by Yoko Ono in "New Works of Yoko Ono," Carnegie Recital Hall, New York, March 21, 1965.





people leaving the museum what they thought of Ono's one-woman show—to which a number of them replied that they saw it, and they hated it.

“You see,” she said in her kitchen, “all of us artists, we were trying to find a place to present our work.” In 1971, she said, “We just had a little strange feeling about something so established as the Museum of Modern Art.” And so she did a show in concept only—at a time when MoMA exhibited virtually no women, no Asian artists, and few living artists. At this point in our interview, she somewhat inevitably brought up world peace. “There was a conceptual show,” she said, “and then there’s a reality that came from it a long time later”—referring to the current, real-life exhibition at MoMA. “And likewise,” she continued, “I think that we’re all thinking of having world peace, and I’m sure that’s going to happen, in reality. What I was doing in my work was not just showing how great I am as an artist or something. I was showing how you can deal with life. If you think about it conceptually, it can happen later.”

If Ono's original one-woman show at MoMA was little more than a fantasy, and there were few if any contemporaneous mentions that the show even existed, it was at least in the spirit of the museum's leadership at the time. John Hightower, then the museum's director, referred publicly to MoMA as a “club” and encouraged artists to challenge the institution. He also said that pulling a Thanksgiving turkey from the oven “could be a great artistic experience.” This is all according to a *New York Times* article announcing Hightower's resignation, at the insistence of the museum's board, just a few weeks

after Ono's conceptual intrusion, though it's unclear if he even knew that her encroachment had occurred.

AROUND THIS TIME, HOWEVER, ONO HAD HER FIRST legitimate museum show, which opened in October 1971, and was also called “This Is Not Here.” She had already had a long and legendary artistic career by that point. In 1966, she caused some international controversy with *Film No. 4*, a sustained shot of the naked rear ends of the more prominent figures of swinging London's counter-culture—Ono described the piece in 1967 as “an aimless petition signed by people with their anuses.” (“They didn't like her in London because she photographed all those bare bottoms,” one Richard Starkey said in a 1969 interview.) The following year, she had one of the first solo shows at London's Lisson Gallery, which had opened three months before and would eventually grow into one of the world's most prestigious purveyors of contemporary art. Nicholas Logsdail, who founded Lisson at the age of 22, may or may not have been featured in *Film No. 4*. He can't actually remember. (“That's just the kind of era it was,” he told me by phone from London.)

But in 1971, Ono was still best known for being John Lennon's wife. “This Is Not Here,” which was held at the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York, listed Lennon as a “guest artist” in publicity materials, and the exhibition's opening coincided with his 31st birthday. The press accused James Harithas, then the Everson's director, of “publicity-seeking” for organizing a show around Ono's work. An editorial in the *Syracuse Post-Standard* said whatever popularity the exhibition might



bring the museum would come “at a tremendous loss of good taste and of respect in the art world.”

The show, however, was simply a carefully constructed survey of Ono’s career to that point, and MoMA’s current show contains many of the same works. There were various selections from the instruction pieces that Ono had compiled into a self-published book called *Grapefruit* in 1964, which she sold out of her apartment for \$7 a piece. For instance: “Listen to the sound of the earth turning,” and “Use your blood to paint. Keep painting until you faint. Keep painting until you die.” (MoMA has framed every page of *Grapefruit* and is exhibiting the book on a long wall.) It also included works like 1960’s *Painting to be Stepped On*, which is what it sounds like.

Ono also placed numerous mundane objects on pedestals, like a needle, or a green apple left to rot until it reverted back to a seed. That piece greets visitors as they enter the exhibition at MoMA. At the Everson, there were also contributions from friends. According to Harithas, Andy Warhol sent Ono an audiotape of people talking around an office watercooler. The show went against anything resembling conventional wisdom about how art should be exhibited. Much of the coverage was breathless and reactionary.

“We had a press conference before the show opened,” Harithas told me, “and after it ended, we realized the press—at least 40 people—had taken some...souvenirs. It was little things, like a thimble, and we were able to replace most of it, but that really surprised me. We didn’t even have the guards out during the preview.”

“The press,” Ono announced to me sarcastically from

her kitchen, raising her hands in mock exaltation. “They kind of raided it.”

Worse than a group of journalists stealing her work, on the morning the show was set to open to the public, Ono had a major falling out with artist and avant-garde impresario George Maciunas, the Everson show’s “producer,” who had himself raided Ono years earlier, in a manner of speaking.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 1960S, ONO’S CHAMBERS Street loft was, along with the Reuben Gallery on the Lower East Side, a kind of makeshift headquarters for the experimental art and music blossoming in downtown Manhattan—it was the site of “the first loft concert in New York City,” Ono told me, proudly. She rented it for \$50.50 a month. It was also, more or less, where Henry Flynt came up with the term “concept art.” The composer La Monte Young organized a performance series there beginning in December 1960. He’d been introduced to Ono by David Tudor at a dance concert. Young, by this time, was already an established composer and session musician, but he’d recently relocated from California to New York to study with Richard Maxfield at the New School.

OPPOSITE (from left) Yoko Ono, *Museum of Modern [F]art*, 1971, and “Works by Yoko Ono” poster, Carnegie Recital Hall, New York, November 24, 1961. ABOVE (from left) *Painting to See in the Dark (Version 1)*, 1961, installation view with the artist from “Paintings & Drawings by Yoko Ono,” AG Gallery, New York, July 17–30, 1961, and *Bag Piece*, 1964, performed by Yoko Ono in “Perpetual Fluxfest,” Cinematheque, New York, June 27, 1965.

**WAR
IS
OVER!**

IF YOU WANT IT

Love and Peace from John & Yoko

"I was considered very famous," Young told me in an interview. "And the first thing Yoko said to me was, 'One day I'll be as famous as you.'"

Ono asked Young to direct a series of concerts at her loft, and he agreed. "And the artists were all artists that I chose," Young said. "She didn't know any of my artists until later." He called Ono "the patron. The promoter." (Of the performance series, Ono told me, "We did it together.") There were performances by, among others, Joseph Byrd, Henry Flynt, and Terry Jennings—for which Young also played saxophone.

"Yoko's place wasn't the only place, but I must say she was very generous with it," said choreographer Simone Forti, who had her first solo concert at the loft. There, Forti debuted work she categorized at the time as "dance constructions and some other things." The "other things," she said, included "someone shaking a pan full of nails while another person sang a song—an Italian folk song, that I sang at the top of my lungs." Merce Cunningham was in attendance, which was expected for the loft. John Cage, Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp, Peggy Guggenheim, Jasper Johns, and Robert Rauschenberg all made appearances as well. The concerts were "very well attended," Young said. Young, who takes all of the credit for curating the performances, said that he backed out of his involvement in the loft because Ono wanted to bring in her own artists. "I did not consider her a very important artist," Young said, while also admitting to having "high standards" and adding that Ono "was a very nice person." Important or not, when Maciunas opened his short-lived but influential AG Gallery on Madison Avenue, he did so with many of the artists who had been featured in Ono's apartment.

"Many people were upset with me because I had had such good luck doing this Chambers Street space, and nobody else did that before," Ono said. Then Maciunas began scooping up the artists working out of her loft. "I thought, 'Oh, OK, well I'm finished then,'" she told me. "I didn't mind it so much, because there was a lot of hatred and intensity going [on] around me—I did my best and that's it. But then I got a call from George Maciunas himself, who was taking everything from me. And he said, 'I would like to do your show.' This was the first time anybody wanted to show my work in a serious space."

That was 1961. Maciunas—who believed that an artist must "demonstrate the self-sufficiency of the

audience"—would soon become the closest thing early Conceptual art had to a Svengali. He coined the term Fluxus as a means of branding Ono and her peers, and operated a number of illegal live-work lofts that he outfitted with booby traps to keep out lawyers and police. Maciunas and Ono supported each other throughout the next decade, though their relationship could be volatile ("What shall I say—we loved—we loved and we fought—or we fought and loved?" Ono says in an oral history of Maciunas called *Mr. Fluxus*). For the Syracuse show, Ono hired Maciunas to produce the objects for the exhibition. She had come up with a piece called *John Lennon As a Young Cloud* that Maciunas described in his notes, included in MoMA's Gilbert and Lila Silverman Fluxus Collection Archive, as "a wall of many drawers and doors, all empty inside except one with a microscope titled: 'John's Smile.'" (This piece isn't at MoMA, but a video of John Lennon smiling is.) Maciunas constructed an intricate and very large installation of cabinets with brass hinges. Ono, in an incendiary letter to Maciunas from December 1971, also in the MoMA archive, wrote that the shelves "were like...bad Italian modern furniture." (In the same letter Ono told Maciunas, "Stalin would be ashamed of you for owning so many lofts and not paying the poor workers.") She told David A. Ross, then a young curator at the Everson, to paint the shelves white.

"She gave me the order at midnight the night before the opening," Ross told me. "So we just painted it—me and a couple of other guys. When [Maciunas] came in the next morning and saw what we had done, he absolutely freaked out. He was an imposing guy. He wasn't big, but he looked like a Prussian general. He looked like he'd just bite your head off."

What happened next is a matter of some debate among the parties involved. Harithas said only that Maciunas "got furious at Yoko." Ono's letter to Maciunas says he "threatened to blow up a bomb in the men's toilet." According to Ross, Maciunas did, in fact, retrieve a canister of helium that he planned to throw over a balcony into a passageway of the museum. ("I don't even know if it would have exploded," Ross said.) Harithas managed to talk him down, Ross said, but Maciunas demanded to be taken away from the museum immediately. Ross, being relatively low on the totem pole, was assigned this "unfortunate task," to use his phrase.

"We jumped into my 1970 Datsun," Ross said. "I was on Route 80, headed toward the airport, and we were going 60 miles an hour. And he just opened the door and

OPPOSITE Yoko Ono and John Lennon, *WAR IS OVER! if you want it*, 1969.



rolled out. I couldn't believe it! Someone then must have picked up this beat-up-looking hitchhiker and driven him to New York, because when I turned the car around and went back, he wasn't there. I have no idea what happened after that. I never spoke to him again." The story is corroborated, at least in part, by a 1971 account of the opening by Jonas Mekas, Ono's friend and occasional collaborator, which was eventually published in 2005 by the *Post-Standard*. Mekas recalls driving in a taxi on the highway to the museum and spotting Maciunas "running along the highway in the opposite direction."

"He had very specific ideas about how the show should be handled," Harithas said of Maciunas. "But Yoko, she was tough. She had her own ideas about the show." The two would eventually reconcile, but Maciunas didn't make it to the opening.

After the Everson show, Ono mostly retired from visual art, focusing instead on records with her husband that are ostensibly pop music, though in style they bear some of the wild aggression of Ono's early pieces. After Lennon's death, in 1980, she revived her career as an artist and attempted to almost literally cement her reputation as an important forebear of Conceptual art with a

1989 solo show at the Whitney Museum, in which she made bronze casts of some of her earlier sculptures and paintings. This was a questionable choice, but perhaps a necessary statement.

"I've worked a lot on Conceptual art in my life, and I want to better understand, where does Yoko fit in?" Christophe Cherix, one of the MoMA show's curators, told me at the museum a few weeks before the exhibition opened. "What is her contribution *before* she becomes Mrs. Lennon? Ten years before, she really emerged as a real voice. She was very present."

And here she sat in front of me, in the same apartment she shared with Lennon, her central position in pop culture intact, and her reputation in the art world, for now at least, somehow only marginal.

"Things happen a strange way in my life," she said.

"Yoko Ono: One Woman Show, 1960-1971" runs through September 7 at MoMA.

ABOVE Yoko Ono, *Touch Poem #5*, ca. 1960.

M.H. Miller is senior editor at ARTnews.



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"I CAN ENTERTAIN THE IDEA THAT MY MORAL COMPASS IS A LITTLE OFF":
A TALK WITH PIOTR UKLAŃSKI

BY BILL POWERS

BILL POWERS: EASTMAN KODAK'S *THE JOY OF PHOTOGRAPHY* WAS PUBLISHED IN 1979, ALMOST TWENTY YEARS BEFORE YOU LOOKED TO IT FOR INSPIRATION. BY CONTRAST, RICHARD PRINCE BEGAN MAKING HIS INSTAGRAM PORTRAITS WHEN THAT PLATFORM WAS RELATIVELY NEW. MY QUESTION IS: HAVE GESTATION PERIODS SPED UP WITH THE RAPIDITY OF TECHNOLOGY?

Piotr Uklański: I don't think you need to wait. The fact is that in 1979 I was 11 years old and didn't know shit about photography. I had to learn. What I liked about the Kodak book is that it tells you how to make the photograph. I didn't take any pictures from the book itself. I put myself in a submissive position. I was like a dumb Polack following instructions rather than some savvy conceptual artist with the wisdom to pick things worth following.

BP: SPEAKING OF REFERENCES, WAS THE PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR WIFE'S ASS—OR MORE SPECIFICALLY YOUR DECISION TO PREMIERE THAT IMAGE AS AN ADVERTISEMENT IN *ARTFORUM* IN 2003—A DIRECT RESPONSE TO LYNDA BENGLIS'S CONTROVERSIAL AD FROM 1974?

PU: I can't deny the connection, but I was more concerned with giving a voice to my subject—in this case, Alison Gingeras. The viewer needs to make an assessment regarding who takes the power in this situation—the artist or the sitter—so I had to find a venue to support that context.

BP: "THE NAZIS," YOUR SERIES OF FAMOUS ACTORS PORTRAYING GERMAN SOLDIERS IN MOVIES AND TV SHOWS, INCLUDES A HEADSHOT OF STEVE MCQUEEN FROM HIS ROLE IN *THE GREAT ESCAPE*. MY OBJECTION HERE IS THAT HIS CHARACTER ISN'T ACTUALLY A NAZI IN THE MOVIE.

PU: If Steve McQueen is putting on the uniform to fool someone into believing he's a Nazi and, within the movie's narrative, he is successful at it—how can I separate his portrayal from any other included in "The Nazis"?

BP: IN ONE OF YOUR EXHIBITION CATALOGUES, I READ AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU AND ROMAN POLANSKI. WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO MEET HIM?

OPPOSITE Piotr Uklański photographed on March 18 at the opening of his show "Fatal Attraction: Piotr Uklański Photographs" at the Met.

PU: I was very close to having him act in my next movie after *Summer Love*. The funding was secure—we were greenlit—and then he got arrested in Switzerland. I so loved him in the film *A Pure Formality*, where he played a detective. That was really my point of reference in casting Roman.

BP: I SEE A KINSHIP IN YOUR TORN PAPER PIECES AND THE CUTOUT SILHOUETTES OF KARA WALKER IN THAT YOU ARE BOTH RESCUING A SORT OF SECOND-CLASS ART-MAKING PRACTICE AND ELEVATING IT TO HIGH ART.

PU: Certainly most of my techniques—including the photography or the fiber art or the torn paper—are a form of applied arts. I'm promiscuous in the materials I use in order to get what I need.

BP: LIKE THE GIANT EYEBALL SCULPTURE YOU HAVE ON VIEW AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART?

PU: Did you see *Big Hero 6*? Do you remember the friendly robot, Baymax? That's kind of how I feel about the eyeball.

BP: PHILIP-LORCA DICORCIA ONCE SAID THAT ANYONE WHO LOOKS AT A PHOTOGRAPH AND BELIEVES THAT WHAT THEY'RE SEEING HASN'T BEEN ALTERED IN SOME WAY IS COMPLETELY NAIVE. DO YOU AGREE?

PU: Yes, but I want to make a point about manipulating or retouching. While I was working on my show of photographs curated from the Met's permanent collection, I saw Robert Capa's *Falling Soldier*, which was retouched by him personally. And he did such a bad job. I loved it. And Man Ray did some terrible retouching. They didn't give a fuck because their images were so strong. I admire that. I went back and looked at my own retouched photographs, which I was so proud of at the time, and they seem so clean and cold to me.

BP: I RECALL SEEING A POST ON TWITTER BY ROBERTA SMITH WHO COMMENTED THAT THERE WAS PERHAPS A BIT TOO MUCH NUDITY IN YOUR CURATED WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

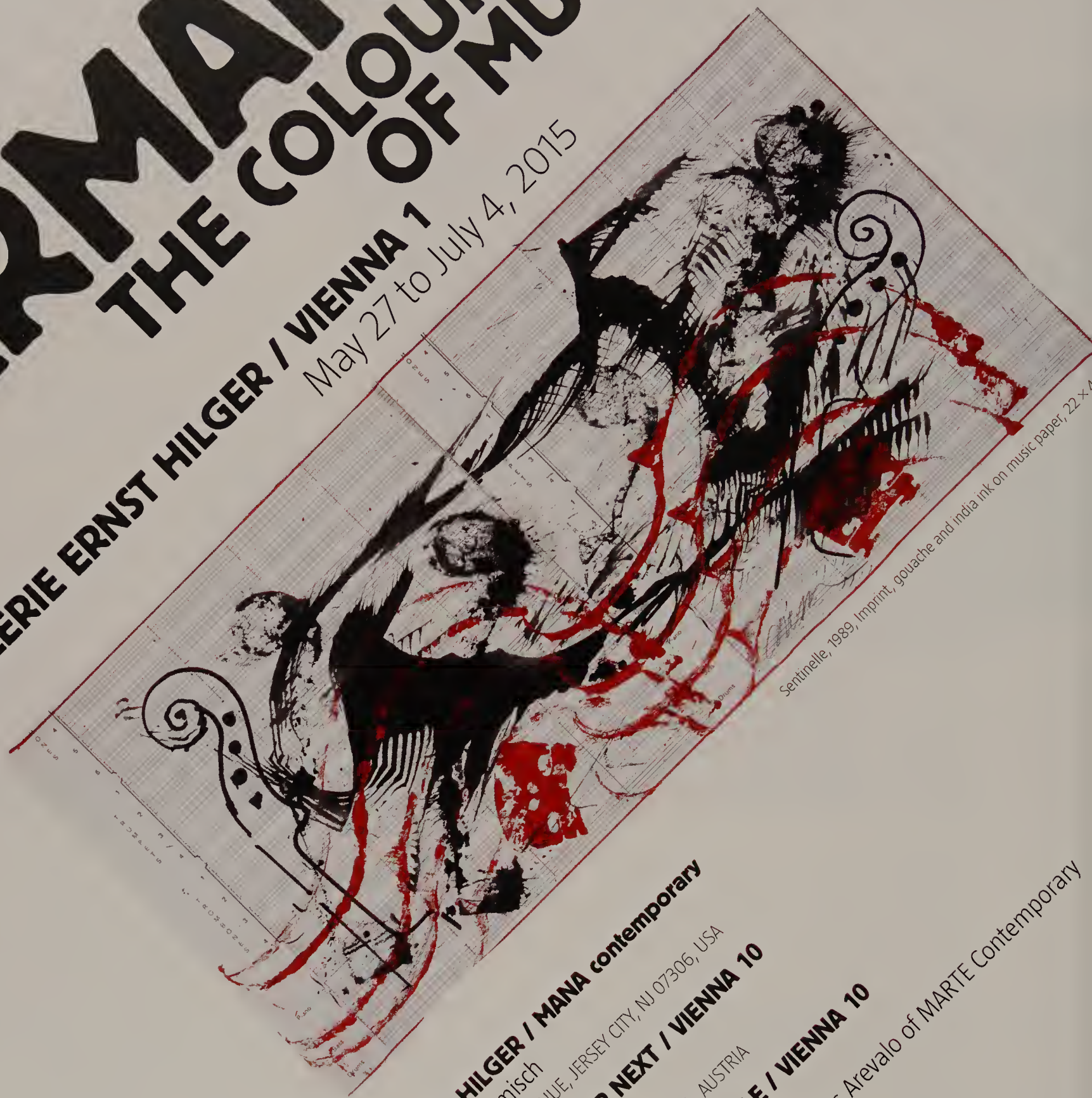
PU: I can entertain the idea that my moral compass is a little off. But how can I curate a room around the themes of Eros and Thanatos and not have any nudity?

A survey of Piotr Uklański's work runs through August 16 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. A concurrent show he curated from the Met's collection closes June 14.

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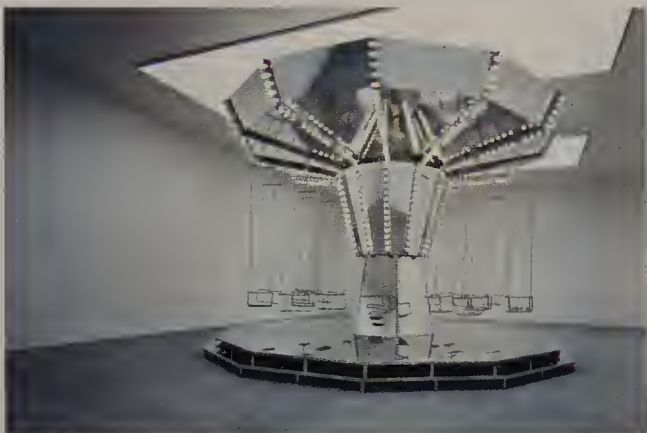


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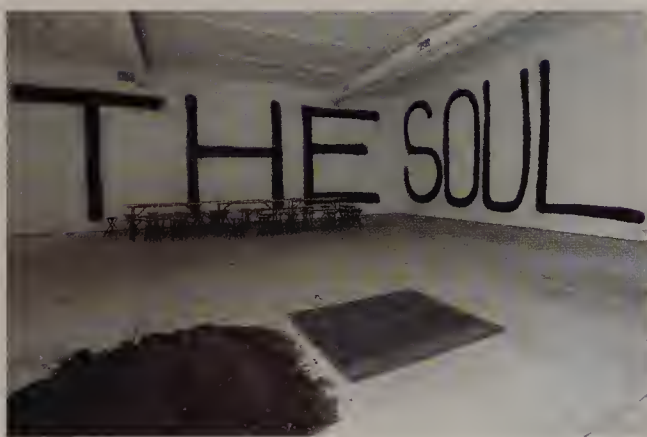
CARSTEN HÖLLER

HAYWARD GALLERY, LONDON

JUNE 10 - SEPTEMBER 6

Carsten Höller will have his first UK retrospective, some of which might look familiar to anyone who saw the artist's 2011 solo exhibition at the New Museum in New York. The show will include Höller's enormous spiraling slides, which will be installed outside the Hayward. (Höller debuted this work in London, at the Tate Modern's Turbine Hall, in 2006.) Be warned: they're not for the claustrophobic.

Carsten Höller, *Carousel Mirror*, 2006.



RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA

GARAGE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, MOSCOW

JUNE 12 - AUGUST 20

Garage Museum's new space in Gorky Park will kick off with a show by Rirkrit Tiravanija, known for his installation-cum-performance pieces that sometimes involve serving art connoisseurs plates of pad thai, for instance, or inviting people to complete a puzzle depicting Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People*. A bonus show at Garage will feature the Russian-born painter Erik Bulatov.

Rirkrit Tiravanija. *Untitled 2011 (Fear Eats The Soul)*, installation view, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York, 2011.



AGNES MARTIN

TATE MODERN, LONDON

JUNE 3 - OCTOBER 11

The debut of Agnes Martin's first retrospective since 1994 includes her monumental Minimalist paintings, as well as more obscure early works. These early experiments "trace her development from biomorphic abstraction to the mesmerizing grid and striped canvases that became her hallmark," according to the museum.

Agnes Martin, *Untitled #1*, 2003.



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"ZOE LEONARD: ANALOGUE"

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

JUNE 27 - AUGUST 30

"Analogue" is an extensive photographic project undertaken by Zoe Leonard over ten years. There are 412 photographs, shot with a 1940s Rolleiflex camera, that document storefronts, facades, handwritten signs, and shop windows from mom-and-pop stores and bodegas, from the Lower East Side to Eastern Europe and Cuba. MoMA is presenting the series in its entirety for the first time.

Zoe Leonard, Chapter five from "Analogue," 1998–2007.



"TONGUES UNTIED"

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, LOS ANGELES

JUNE 6 - SEPTEMBER 13

This show explores the theme of black gay identity through works from the museum's collection, including pieces by artists John Boskovich and Felix Gonzalez-Torres. The exhibition is named for Marlon Riggs's film, which is the centerpiece here. Made in 1989, the film was an attempt to "shatter [America's] brutalizing silence on matters of sexual and racial difference."

Production still from Marlon Riggs's film *Tongues Untied*, 1989.



"SARGENT: PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS AND FRIENDS"

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

JUNE 30 - OCTOBER 4

The Met will bring together around 90 works by the painter John Singer Sargent depicting his close friends, associates, and contemporaries. This includes portraits of Claude Monet, Auguste Rodin, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, and Ellen Terry. Also on view will be a painting of collector Isabella Stewart Gardner (the Met describes it as "eccentric") that has rarely been seen outside of Gardner's namesake museum in Boston.

John Singer Sargent, *The Birthday Party*, 1887.

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BLACK MAGIC

“He was into a lot of stuff,” said Tony Oursler one recent afternoon. He was referring to infamous British occultist Aleister Crowley, but he was also standing in the middle of his own stuff-filled Lower East Side studio. In addition to works in progress (projections of fluttering eyeballs), a brown labradoodle named Ruby, and a bust of Yoda, Oursler’s studio houses a collection of over 2,500 relics of human belief systems and magical thinking. Beginning with the *Spencer Collection*, an encyclopedic “cookbook” of the pre-Christian occult, Oursler’s archive spans areas of stage magic, thought photography, the paranormal, demonology, cryptozoology (Bigfoot and the like), optics, automatic writing, hypnotism, fairies, cults, color theory, and UFOs. For an upcoming LUMA Foundation-commissioned exhibition at Parc des Ateliers in Arles, France, Oursler will be showing his collection, sourced from auctions and flea markets alike since the mid-’90s, and publishing ten scholarly essays and several interviews (including one with a self-proclaimed UFO-abduction survivor).

Oursler will also premiere a special “4-D” film for the occasion—a contemporary film projected onto old photos—and maybe even a zine, a sort of coda for the whole project. “It’ll be about the way magical thinking is actually the norm in our culture,” he told me. “If you say that one third of the American public does not believe in evolution, or 50 percent of the American public has seen UFOs, or 40 percent of the American public believes in ghosts—these beliefs are not necessarily as far out as you think.”

A pioneer in the realm of video art, Oursler says that his work, which often manifests as low-fi, optical-illusion humanoid projections, has always dealt with belief systems. “I studied as a Conceptual artist,” he said, referring to

his CalArts days. “And naturally I progressed beyond, because that was a previous generation. But looking at the Conceptual artists, I think I see certain rules in the way they made art, just like the Abstract Expressionists had their own way of creating, or the Suprematists in Russia had their own way of doing things. Art in itself is a kind of belief system. You have to believe in culture.”

Oursler inherited his interest in the science of human belief. His grandfather, Fulton Oursler—whom he doesn’t resemble, judging from a copper plate in the studio, engraved with Fulton’s profile—was a great friend of Harry Houdini’s. Houdini had learned the same tricks as the mediums who saw WWI’s unprecedented death toll as an opportunity to make money, and he and Fulton delighted in exposing them during séances. “My theory,” Oursler said, “is that some of these mediums would have become Surrealists had they even known that these performances had some other way of functioning in the world.”

He showed me ectoplasm, a gauze-like material that would emerge from the orifices—including ears, noses, and, in at least one instance, the colon—of mediums as proof of an otherworldly presence. “I have to show you something,” Oursler said, leaving the room. He returned with a black light, which he directed at two squares of ectoplasm dating back to the 1920s. Two phosphorescent outlines appeared—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. “For all I know, this is slightly radioactive,” Oursler said. “I usually have a Geiger counter around. I got it in Kiev—I thought it would be fun to see what it was like.”

HANNAH GHORASHI

OPPOSITE A poster advertising stage magician Fulton Oursler, circa 1920s.

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The late Dr. Lyall Watson wrote in his book *Lifetide* that hotbeds of life exist somewhere in this universe, and that if we listen carefully, we are likely to hear the sounds of the seeds of life being spread. I sense in one strawberry the respiration of the life spread in the universe vividly.

I wonder why I can not help being so utterly attracted to the souls of seed-bearing things.

While staring hard at a strawberry, a cabbage, or an apple, I continue to perk up my ears at the murmuring of the seeds of life spread out in the universe.

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ALL GROWN UP NOW

This May the artist, actor, and downtown don Leo Fitzpatrick joined Marlborough Chelsea as a director. Fitzpatrick will sell art and curate shows in his own distinctive style in pop-up spaces within the 25th Street gallery.

The news follows the January announcement that Fitzpatrick would close his tiny project space at 208 Forsyth Street, Home Alone 2, which he cofounded with Nate Lowman and Hanna Liden in 2012. Home Alone went through various iterations and addresses but always staged shows of artists from Lowman and Liden's generation, like Josh Smith, Adam McEwen, and Klara Liden, albeit on a very small scale.

At Marlborough Chelsea, Fitzpatrick will continue in that vein, staging small shows in various spaces throughout the two-story gallery, though under a new name: Viewing Room. The first show opens in September.

"Home Alone started over a beer," Fitzpatrick said in an interview at Marlborough Chelsea, with its director Pascal Spengemann and owner Max Levai. Fitzpatrick and Lowman were having a discussion about how they never saw enough of the art that they wanted to see. Soon they had a "community garden" of a space for their friends.

"I'm very proud of what I was able to accomplish with Home Alone over those three years, but generally it was me taking art on the subway, trying to put on these shows," Fitzpatrick said. "I'm really excited about having help, and people to bounce ideas off of. We can really do big things. If I was able to do so much with so little, imagine what I can do here."

Spengemann, for his part, sees Fitzpatrick's joining Marlborough as adding a new dimension to the gallery, one that looks to new business models for the art world.

"We've seen the development of nonrepresentation models," Spengemann said, "all kinds of looser affiliations, artists having multiple venues—"

"The value we brought as a gallery at Home Alone," Fitzpatrick jumped in, "was giving artists an opportunity to experiment, maybe to try things they wouldn't think of in a traditional setting. Because we had no expectations, really great things would happen."

Fitzpatrick entered the art world at age 14 with his starring role in Larry Clark's 1995 film *Kids*. He started collecting not long after that, buying his first painting, a Chris Johanson, at age 17. Soon he was organizing shows at the downtown art-and-skater bar Max Fish, low-key affairs that would still have people like Ryan McGinley apparently asking him, "Hey man, why didn't you include me?"

Fitzpatrick came to Spengemann in January, because he figured the veteran director would have advice about what to do after closing one's gallery. Spengemann and Levai were soon discussing the prospect of bringing Fitzpatrick to Chelsea.

Levai said he wanted Fitzpatrick's Viewing Room programming in Chelsea because having it at the gallery's Lower East Side space would be "too expected."

"Because it's experimental, egos can be put aside, and it doesn't matter whose idea it was," Levai said, "so long as the idea works." Asked if he'd be coming into the gallery every day like a "proper director," Fitzpatrick laughed and said he would. Asked if it would be weird going from being a downtown guy doing fun, low-key shows to having to hustle and sell the way everyone else does in Chelsea, Fitzpatrick balked but said he was nothing but excited at the prospect.

"Because these people are my friends, I really want it to work out, I want the pieces to go in the right homes. It's like setting two of your friends up on a blind date," Fitzpatrick said. "It's like organizing the perfect threesome."

DAN DURAY

ABOVE Leo Fitzpatrick.



Frank Stella, Red Broadway, 1984. Kunstmuseum Basel © 2015 Profrank, 8032 Zurich

Frank Stella

Paintings & Drawings
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TAKING THE MEASURE OF SEXISM: FACTS, FIGURES, AND FIXES

39

In the 45 years since Linda Nochlin provocatively asked in *ARTnews*, "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" we have regularly revisited the question, wondering whether, as Nochlin argued, institutional power structures have made it "impossible for women to achieve artistic excellence, or success, on the same footing as men," or whether it is a matter of what constitutes "greatness" and how we measure it. We have assembled comparative statistics from recent years and have sought assessments from leading scholars and critics. Above all, we have asked women artists themselves to reflect on their progress and suggest what could be done to improve matters.

BY MAURA REILLY

Despite encouraging signs of women's improved status and visibility in the art world, there are still major systemic problems.

Do not misunderstand me: women artists are in a far better position today than they were 45 years ago, when Linda Nochlin wrote her landmark essay, "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" published in the pages of this magazine. Access to "high art" education, to which women have historically been denied, is now possible for many with financial means. (According to the *New York Times*, in 2006 women represented more than 60 percent of the students in art programs in the United States.) Moreover, the institutional power structures that Nochlin argued made it "impossible for women to achieve artistic excellence, or success, on the same footing as men, no matter what the potency of their so-called talent, or genius," have been shifting.

But inequality persists. The common refrain that "women are treated equally in the art world now" needs to be challenged. The existence of a few superstars or token achievers—like Marina Abramović, Tracey Emin, and Cindy Sherman—does not mean that women artists have achieved equality. Far from it.

The more closely one examines art-world statistics, the more glaringly obvious it becomes that, despite decades of postcolonial, feminist, anti-racist, and queer activism and theorizing, the majority continues to be defined as white, Euro-American, heterosexual, privileged, and, above all, male. Sexism is still so insidiously woven into the institutional fabric, language, and logic of the mainstream art world that it often goes undetected.

The Museums

Last fall, artnet News asked 20 of the most powerful women in the art world if they felt the industry was biased and received a resounding "yes." Several were museum directors who argued that the senior management, predominantly male, had a stranglehold on the institutions, often preventing them from instituting substantive change. According to a 2014 study "The Gender Gap in Art Museum Directorships," conducted by the Association of Art Museum Directors (AAMD), female art-museum directors earn substantially less than their male counterparts, and upper-level positions are most often occupied by men. The good news is that, while in 2005 women ran 32 percent of the museums in the United States, they now run 42.6 percent—albeit mainly the ones with the smallest budgets.

Discrimination against women at the top trickles down into every aspect of the art world—gallery representation, auction price differentials, press coverage, and inclusion in permanent-collection displays and solo-exhibition

programs. A glance at the past few years of special-exhibition schedules at major art institutions in the United States, for instance, especially the presentation of solo shows, reveals the continued prevalence of gender disparity. Of all the solo exhibitions since 2007 at the Whitney Museum, 29 percent went to women artists. Some statistics have improved. In the year 2000, the Guggenheim in New York had zero solo shows by women. In 2014, 14 percent of the solo exhibitions were by women (Fig. 1).

There are signs of improvement throughout France and Germany, but parity is nowhere in sight. Of all the solo exhibitions at the Centre Pompidou since 2007, only 16 percent went to women. In 1980 it was 1.1 percent, in 1990 it was 0.4 percent, and in 2000 it was 0.2 percent (Fig. 2).

In the UK the Hayward Gallery comes out with the worst mark, with only 22 percent of solo exhibitions dedicated to female artists over the past 7 years. Whitechapel Gallery is at 40 percent—thanks to its feminist director, Iwona Blazwick. Tate Modern has granted women artists solo exhibitions only 25 percent of the time since 2007 (Fig. 3). Fortunately Tate Modern's 2015 exhibition program features three solo exhibitions dedicated to female artists—Sonia Delaunay, Agnes Martin, and Marlene Dumas.

Permanent-collection displays at major art institutions are also imbalanced. Granted the opportunity to reinstall collections at museums, many curators are not daring enough to reconfigure the hegemonic narratives in ways that offer new perspectives on old stories.

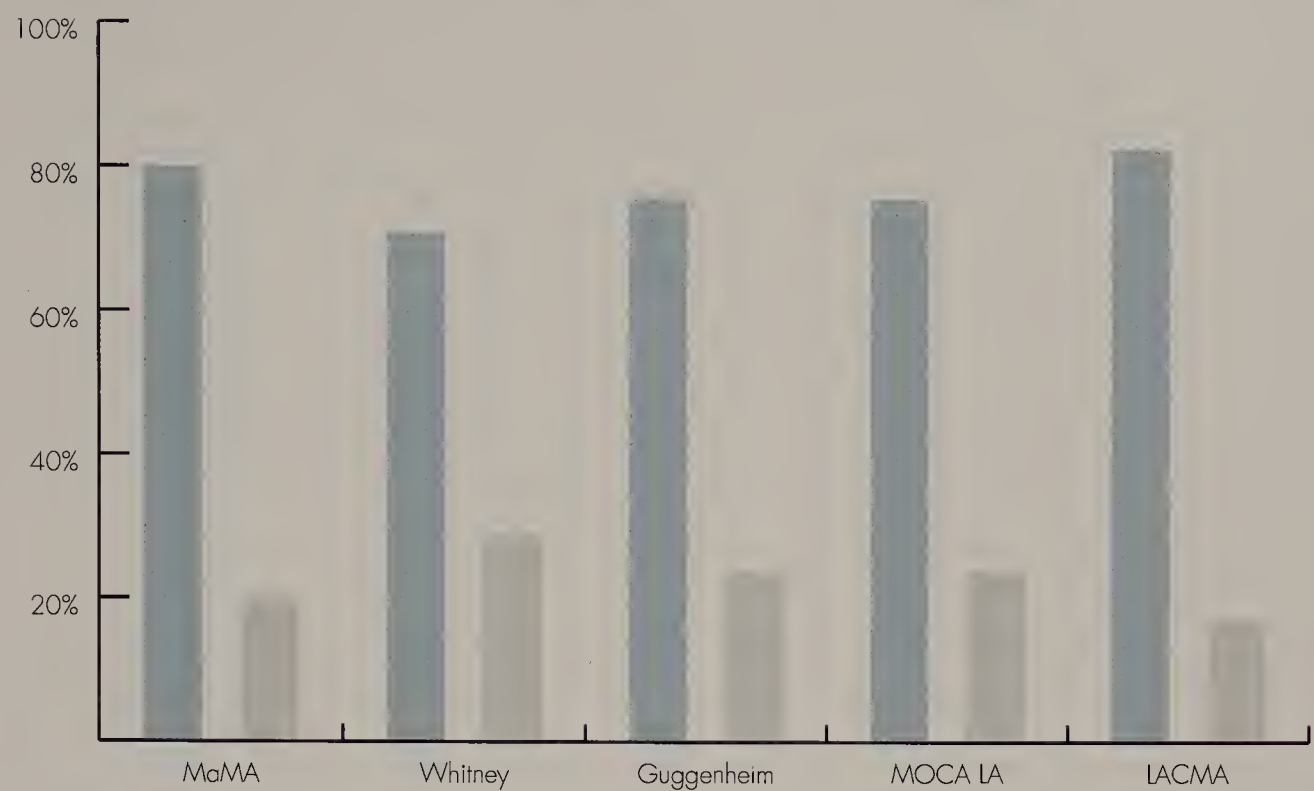
In 2009, however, the Centre Pompidou took the bold step of organizing the nearly two-year exhibition "elles@centrepompidou," in which the then head of contemporary collections, Camille Morineau, reinstalled the museum's permanent collection with only women artists. During its run, attendance to the permanent collection increased by 25 percent.

"Elles" was a particularly revolutionary gesture in the context of France. As Morineau explains, it "was a very un-French thing to do. In France, nobody counts the number of men and women in exhibitions. Very few people notice that sometimes there are no women." It took her six years to convince the then director, Alfred Pacquement, that it was a sound exhibition proposal. The show meant the Pompidou had to broaden its holdings of women artists through purchases and donations.

"Elles" was a radical gesture of affirmative action—but one that was not long-lasting. In the subsequent post-"elles" re-hang of the permanent collection, only 10 percent of the works on view are by women—exactly the same as it was pre-"elles." Moreover, the acquisition funds

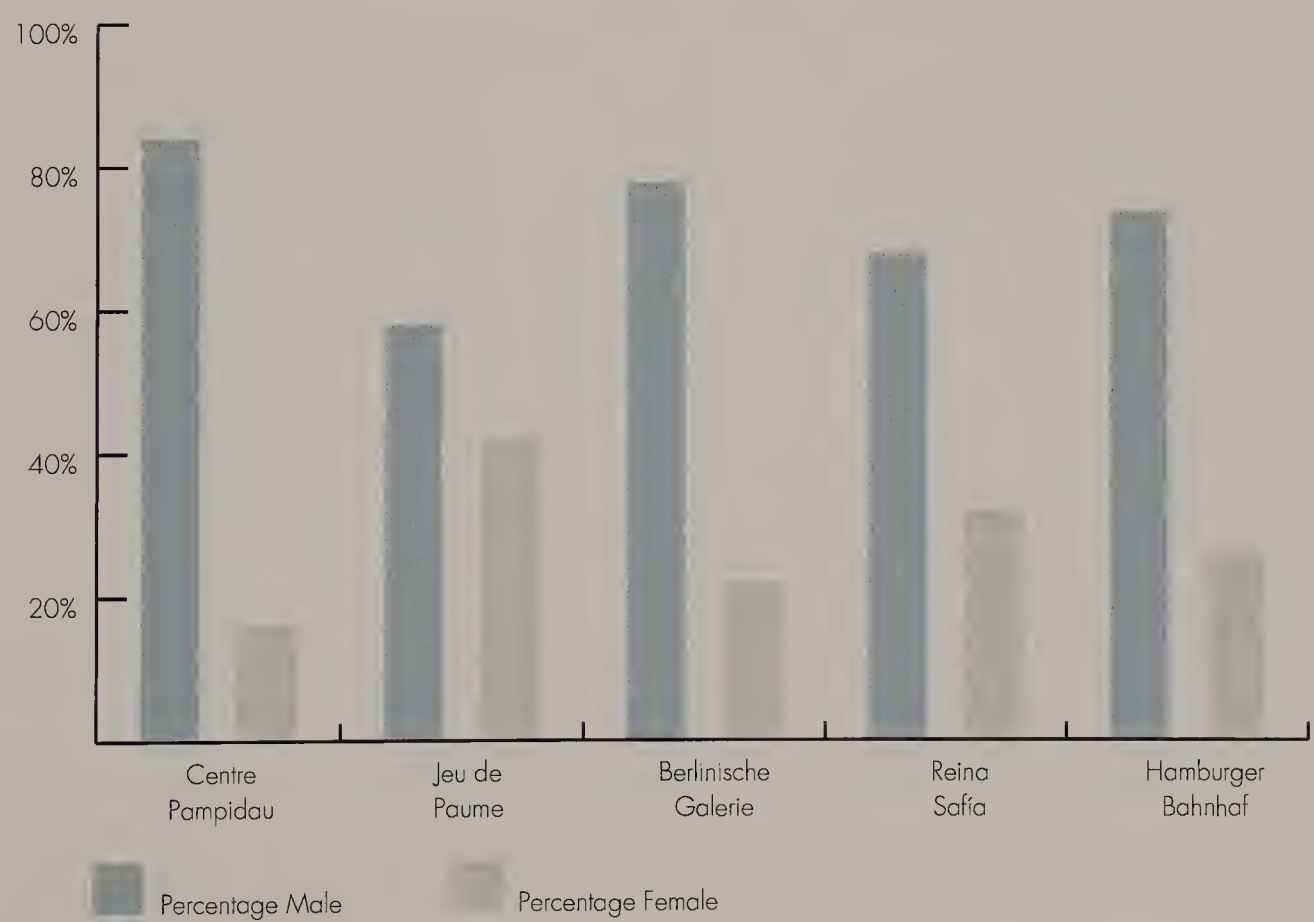
PREVIOUS SPREAD Cara Despain's 2014 poster for Micol Hebron's Gallery Tally project representing the overall percentage of women artists represented in New York and L.A. galleries.

Fig. 1 Percentages of Solo Exhibitions at American Institutions, 2007–2014



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Fig. 2 Percentages of Solo Exhibitions at French and German Institutions, 2007–2014



for women artists almost immediately dried up.

The Pompidou is not alone in perpetuating discriminatory practices. As of the Guerrilla Girls' last count, in 2012, only 4 percent of artists on display at the Metropolitan Museum were women—worse than in 1989.

It's not looking much better at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. In 2004, when the museum opened its new building, with a reinstallation of the permanent collection spanning the years 1880 to 1970, of the 410 works on display in the fourth- and fifth-floor galleries, only 16 were by women. That's 4 percent (Fig. 4). Even fewer works were by artists of color. At my most recent count, in April 2015, 7 percent of the works on display were by women.

Many positive changes at MoMA have to do with the MoMA Women's Project (MWP), an initiative begun in 2005, not from within MoMA, but at the suggestion of donor Sarah Peter. Curators have done in-depth research on the women artists in the museum's collection, where the ratio of male-to-female artists is about 5 to 1. The Modern Women's Fund, a funding group of trustees and collectors, is now the umbrella for a series of ongoing initiatives, including educational and public programs, targeting acquisitions of work by women artists for the collection, as well as major solo exhibitions dedicated to women artists. The aim is to reassess the traditionally masculinist canon.

One hopes that these subtle yet historic improvements in representation for women at MoMA will continue given that there has been a changing of the curatorial guard, with only one woman, Ann Temkin, continuing to head a department (since 2008). Perhaps the museum will take the opportunity of its upcoming Diller Scofidio + Renfro expansion to exhibit more work by women artists in its permanent-collection galleries. Internal and external pressure might be put on them to do so. In the meantime, the museum is featuring women in three major solo shows opening in the spring and summer of 2015—Björk, Yoko Ono, and Zoe Leonard.

Biennials & Documenta

Women are often excluded from exhibitions within which one would think they would play major roles. While the 12th edition of Documenta, directed by Roger M. Buergel in 2007, included 53 women out of 112—a promising 47 percent—Okwui Enwezor's edition, in 2002, praised for its postcolonial curatorial strategy, included only 34 women out of a total of 118 participating artists—29 percent. Of course, that's far better than Catherine David's edition, in 1997 (Fig. 5). The first female director included less than 17 percent women, reminding us that some women curators, even at the highest administrative levels, are not as attuned to parity

as one might hope. Female arts professionals are often biased in favor of males; that, too, is part of the problem.

The statistics for the last few editions of the Venice Biennale are similar to those from Documenta, demonstrating recent improvements, but continuing problems. While the 2009 edition featured a promising 43 percent women, in 2013 that figure dropped to 26 percent under curator Massimiliano Gioni. This year's biennale comes in at 33 percent (Fig. 6).

The Whitney Biennial saw a positive shift in 2010, under curator Francesco Bonami. But 2014's was particularly contentious (Fig. 7). Within a month of its opening, a group of artists organized a protest show, the "Whitney Houston Biennial: I'm Every Woman," which featured 85 woman artists.

The Press

Women still get less coverage than men in magazines and other periodicals. Male artists are also, more often than not, featured in the advertisements and on the covers of art magazines; for instance, in 2014, *Artforum* featured a female artist only once on its front cover. Consider the September 2014 issue of *Artforum*, which featured Jeff Koons on the cover: of the 73 advertisements associated with galleries in New York, only 11 promoted solo exhibitions by women—that's 15 percent.

It's worse when one compares how many articles and reviews dedicated to solo exhibitions prefer males to females. In the December issue of *ARTnews*, for instance, there were 33 devoted to male artists and 9 to females.

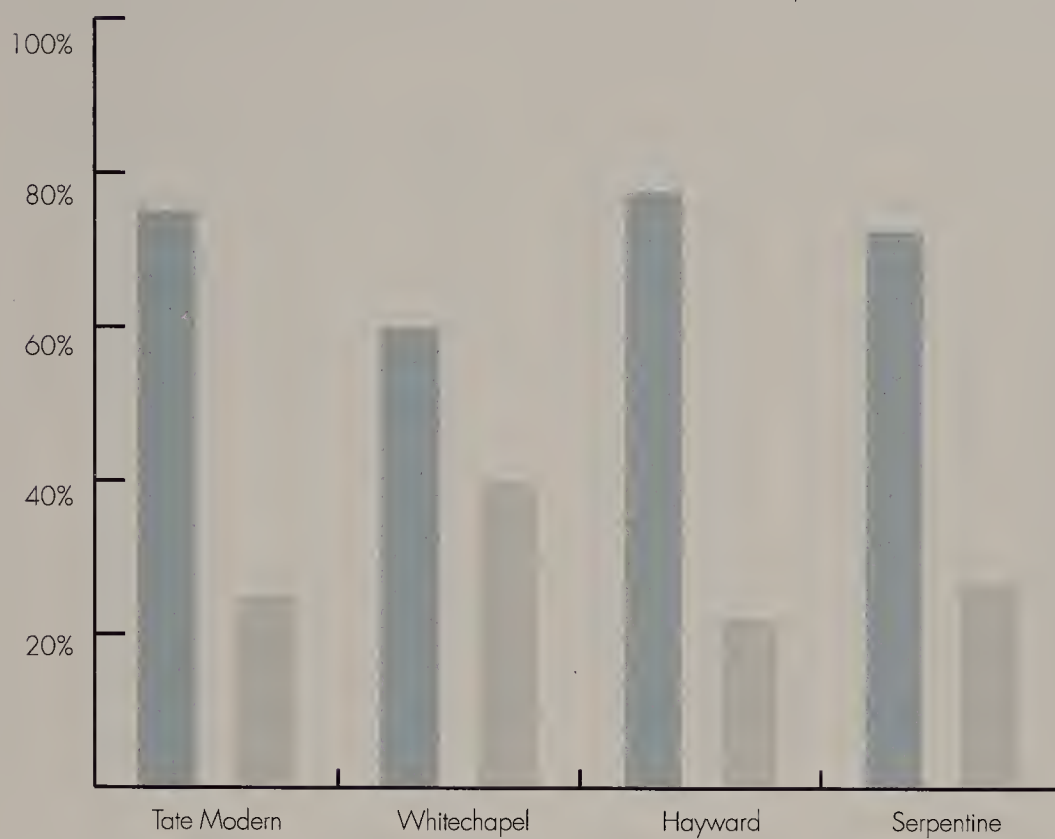
Year-end "best of" articles demonstrate what Katha Pollitt called in 1991 the "Smurfette principle," which found that most children's programs, like the "Smurfs," have a majority of male characters, with just one female included in the group. This was certainly the case with the "Best of 2005" issue of *Artforum*, in which only 11 of the 69 solo-exhibition slots were granted to women. That's 7.6 percent. However, in just ten years there was a marked improvement. In *Artforum's* "Best of 2014" issue, 36 women artists were highlighted out of 95 solo shows; that's 34.2 percent.

The Market

The availability of works by women artists at galleries has a tremendous impact on the amount of press coverage they receive; the market remains an arena where women are particularly unequal.

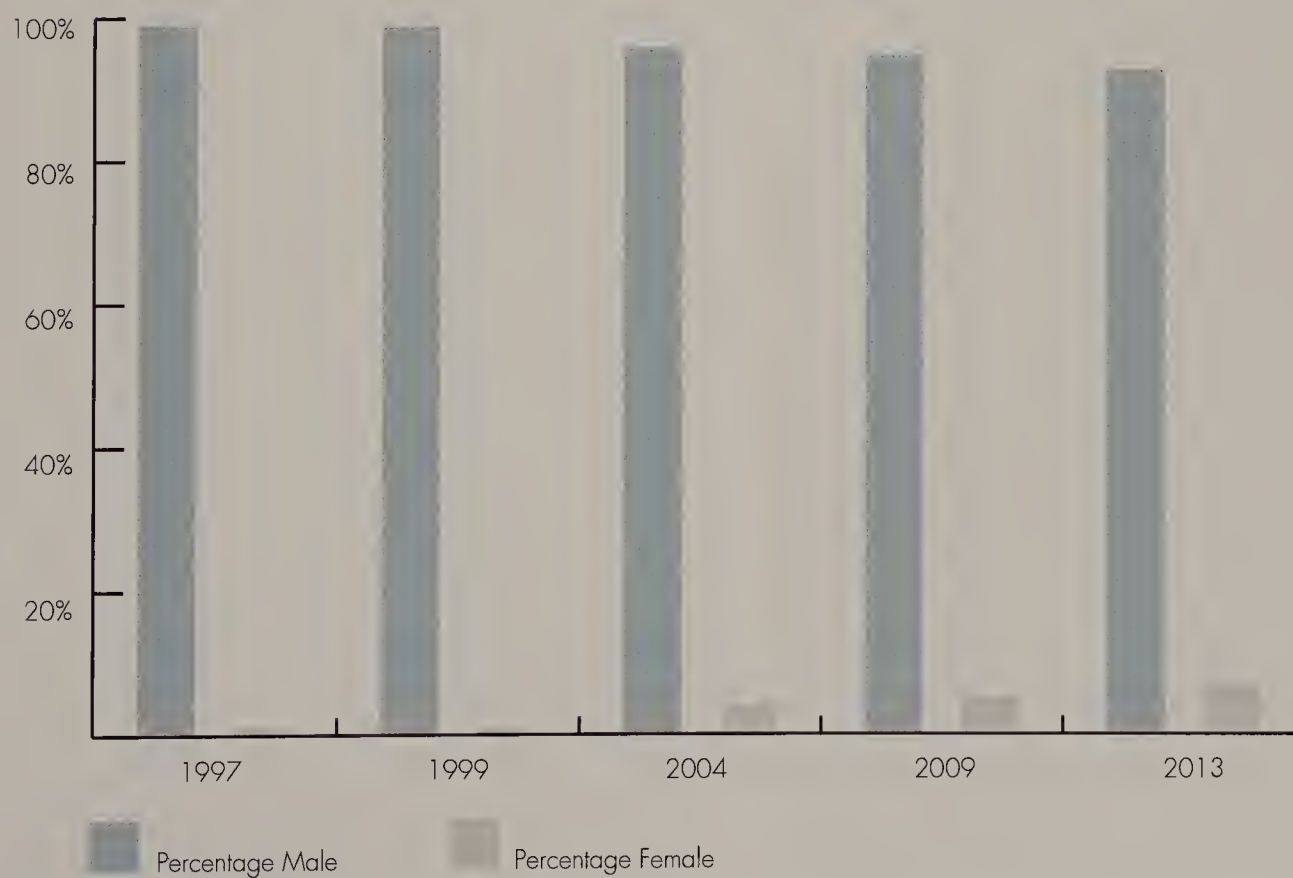
Unlike in 1986, when the Guerrilla Girls made their famous report card, there are now some New York galleries representing women 50 percent of the time, or more, including PPOW, Sikkema Jenkins, Zach Feuer,

Fig. 3 Percentages of Solo Exhibitions at United Kingdom Institutions, 2007–2014



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Fig. 4 Museum of Modern Art in New York, 4th- and 5th-Floor Permanent Exhibition Displays



Tracey Williams, Edward Thorp, Salon 94, and Galerie Lelong—as the Pussy Galore feminist art collective has made clear in their “update” of the Guerrilla Girls poster (Fig. 8).

In 2013, artist Micol Hebron, propelled by the preponderance of male artists in gallery ads in *Artforum* and in galleries themselves, started the project Gallery Tally. Over 1,500 artists have participated in it. Each artist calculates gallery statistics and then designs a poster showing male/female percentages. By Hebron’s estimation, approximately 30 percent of the artists represented by commercial galleries in the United States are women. (A recent audit of the galleries in London demonstrates similar figures: in 2013, East London Fawcett examined the artists represented by 134 commercial galleries in London and found that 31 percent were women.) In its report from October 2014, Gallery Tally looked at over 4,000 artists represented in L.A. and New York—of those, 32.3 percent were women. “There is still a real problem with who’s getting opportunities, who’s getting shown, who’s getting collected, who’s getting promoted, and who’s getting written about,” Hebron says.

The December 2014 issue of *Vanity Fair* featured an article titled “Prima Galleristas” (a.k.a. “The Top 14 Female Art Dealers”). What was left unsaid was how few of these “galleristas” actually support women artists. Indeed, all but one of them—Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn—represent women less than 33 percent of the time.

At auction, the highest price paid to date for a work by a living woman artist is \$7.1 million, for a Yayoi Kusama painting; the highest result for a living man was an editioned sculpture by Jeff Koons, which sold for \$58.4 million. The most ever paid for a work by a deceased woman artist is \$44.4 million for a Georgia O’Keeffe painting, versus \$142.4 million for a Francis Bacon triptych. (One of the many reasons for the almost \$100 million difference was articulated by O’Keeffe herself, “The men liked to put me down as the best woman painter. I think I’m one of the best painters.”)

Such numbers contribute to how women artists are ranked, in terms of their market viability. The annual list *Kunstkompass* (“Art Compass”) purports to announce “the world’s 100 greatest artists.” It bases its statistics on the frequency and prestige of exhibitions, publications, and press coverage, and the median price of one work of art. In the 2014 edition, 17 of the 100 “great artists” are women. *Artfacts.net* does its own ranking based on art market sales. In their 2015 report 11 women made it into the top 100 slots. In 2014 *Artnet.com* revealed a list of the “Top 100 Living Artists, 2011–14,” examining the last five years of the market, with five women listed. Each year *Artprice.com* draws up an international report on the contemporary art market, as seen through the prism of

auction sales, and presents the top 500 artists according to turnover. In its 2014 report there were just 3 women in the top 100.

Amy Cappellazzo, an art advisor and former head of post-war and contemporary art at Christie’s, believes the market is “steadily improving for women at a faster clip in the last five years than in the previous 50 years.” As for the fact that we are still far from parity, she adds, “of course, we cannot go backward and fully amend the iniquity and inequality of the past.” Ultimately, she says, “there are aspects of markets one can influence, but there are vast other parts that are like the weather—good luck!”

What Can Be Done?

If we cannot help others to see the structural problems, we can’t begin to fix them. What can we do to promote just and fair representation in the art world? How can we get those in the art world to recognize, accept, and acknowledge that there is indeed inequality of the sexes? How can we go about educating disbelievers who contend that, because there are signs of improvement, the battle has been won?

Linda Nochlin urges women to “be fearless, speak up, work together, and consistently make trouble.”

Let’s not just talk about feminism—let’s live it. Don’t wait for change to come—be proactive. Let’s call out institutions, critics, curators, collectors, and gallerists for sexist practices.

If, as feminist theorist Hélène Cixous argues, women are spoken of and for, but are very rarely allowed to speak themselves, then it is imperative that women become speaking subjects, rather than silent objects. If a “well-adjusted” woman is silent, static, invisible, then an unruly, speaking woman is the loud woman-on-top violating the “natural order” of things. Similarly, in her new book *Women in Dark Times* (Bloomsbury, 2014) Jacqueline Rose argues that feminism today needs a new, louder, bolder, and more scandalous language—one that “does not try to sanitize itself.”

Cultural critic bell hooks also emphasizes the importance of women standing their ground, and urges all writers from oppressed groups to speak, to talk back, a term which she defines as the movement from object to subject. “Speaking is not solely an expression of creative power; it is an act of resistance, a political gesture that challenges politics of domination that would render us nameless and voiceless. As such, it is a courageous act—as such, it represents a threat.” To talk back is to liberate one’s voice. However, as Sarah Ahmed cautions, to “speak out” or “call out” an injustice is to run the risk of being deemed a “feminist killjoy,” and a complainer. (In her 2014 TED talk, “We Should All

Fig. 5 Documenta Participants, Various Editions, 1959–2012 (with names of artistic directors)

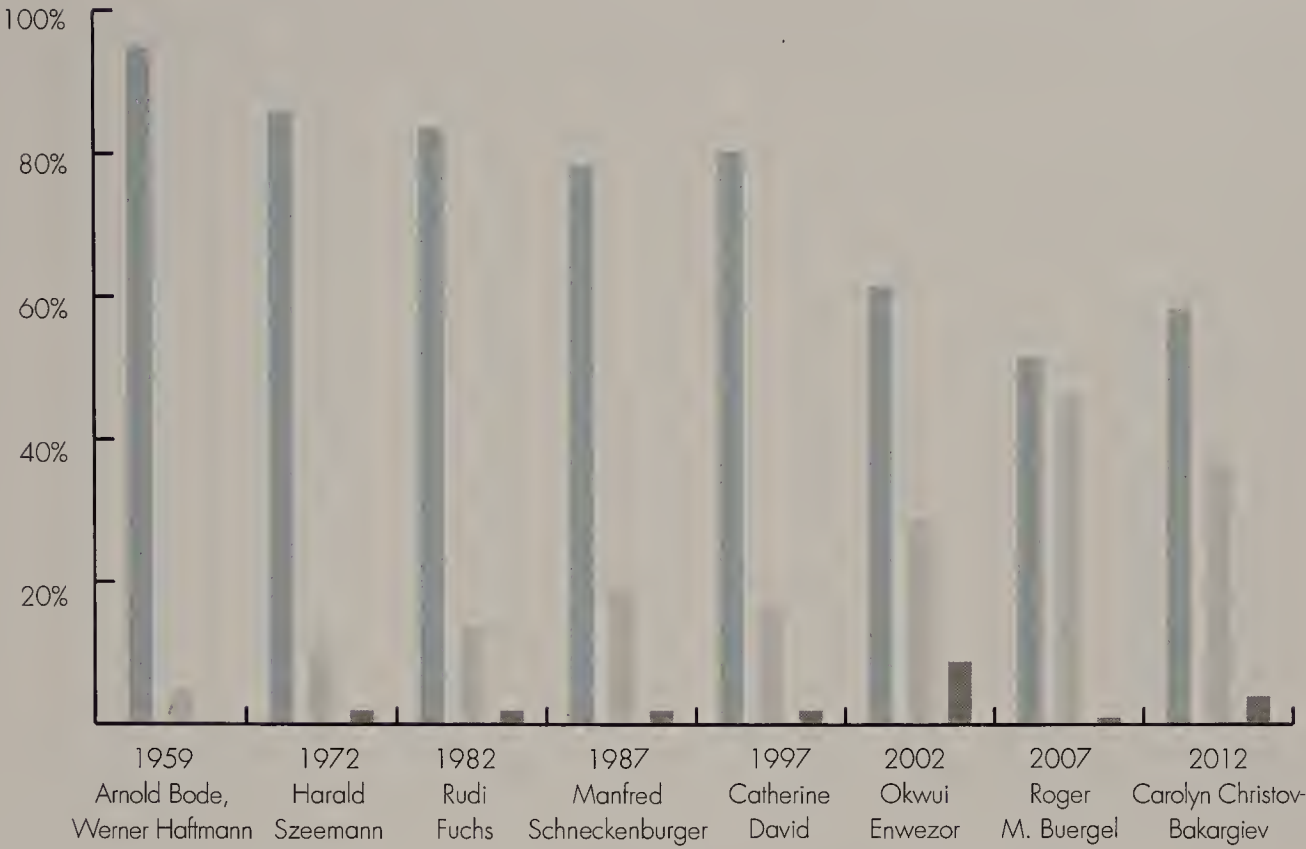
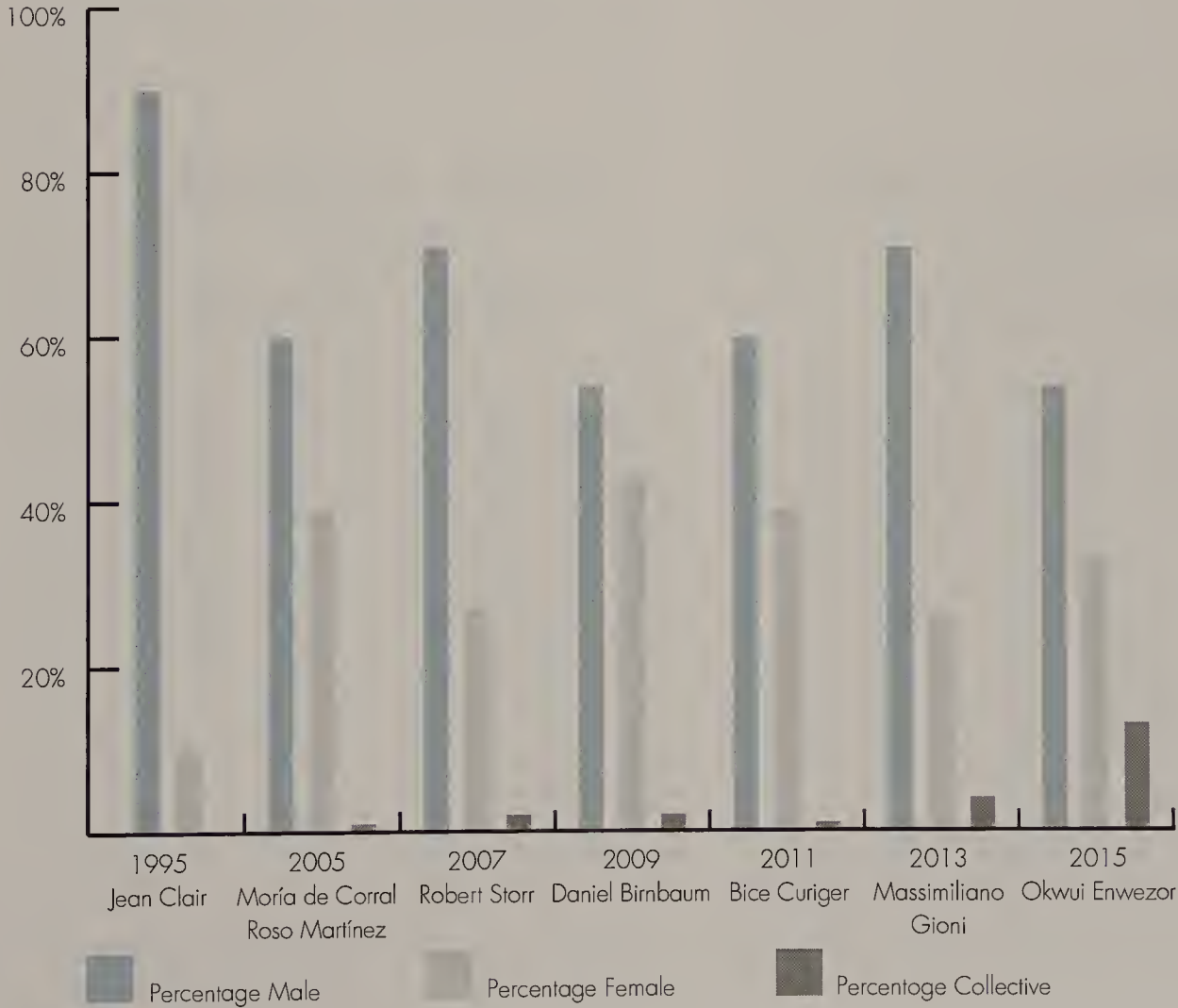


Fig. 6 Venice Biennale Curated-Exhibition Participants, 1995, 2005–15 (with names of artistic directors)



Be Feminists,” Nigerian author Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie responded to such accusations by declaring herself a “happy feminist.”)

We can and must draw on the history of feminism as a struggle for universal suffrage. If, as Adichie declares, a “feminist” is quite simply “a person who believes in the social, political, and economic equality of the sexes,” then it is a concept that many can readily embrace. Indeed, the year 2014 saw an unprecedented number of celebrities “come out” as feminists—Beyoncé, Taylor Swift, John Legend, Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Ryan Gosling, Laverne Cox, among others—demonstrating not, as some skeptics propose, that feminism is being dumbed down, but rather that the quest for equality has moved across the bastions of academia to everyday discussions.

We can and must build from the historiography of feminist and women’s art shows, which for over four decades have either directly or indirectly addressed concerns of sexism in the arts. Beginning in the 1970s with landmarks like “Womanhouse” and “Women Artists: 1550–1950,” through the 1980s and 1990s with “Bad Girls” and “Sexual Politics,” to the more recent “WACK!” and “Global Feminisms,” exhibitions have functioned as curatorial correctives to the exclusion of women from the master narratives of art history, and from the contemporary art scene itself.

We can and must continue to organize conferences, launch feminist magazines, like *Ms.*, *Bitch*, and *Bust*, and run blogs like the CoUNTess, an Australian website run by Elvis Richardson that started in 2008 and is soon to embark on a year-long data-collection study titled *Close Encounters*, funded by the Cruthers Art Foundation. When complete, *Close Encounters* will be the first online resource to establish a benchmark for gender representation in contemporary visual arts in Australia.

We can continue to establish and participate in feminist coalitions such as the Women’s Caucus for Art and the Feminist Art Project. We must continue to start feminist collectives and artist-run initiatives like A.I.R. Gallery and Ceres Gallery in New York; ff in Berlin; Brown Council in Sydney; Electra Productions, the Inheritance Projects, and SALT in London; FAG (Feminist Art Gallery) in Toronto; and La Centrale in Montreal. We can establish and participate in direct-action groups fighting discrimination against women, like Women’s Action Coalition, which was hugely vocal and influential during the ’90s, Fierce Pussy, the Brainstormers, and, of course, the Guerrilla Girls.

Feminist manifestos generate publicity, which pushes the conversation forward. In 2005 Xabier Arakistain launched the *Manifiesto Arco 2005*, which demanded equality in Spanish museums. It was symbolic—none of the museums acted on it—but it did garner international press.

Teachers can and must offer women’s and feminist art courses and teach from a feminist perspective to present a more inclusive canon. Similarly, participation in feminist curatorial initiatives like “fCu” (Feminist Curators United) or “If I Can’t Dance, I Don’t Want To Be Part of Your Revolution” (a curatorial group from Amsterdam founded in 2005 by curators Frédérique Bergholtz, Annie Fletcher, and Tanja Elstgeest) moves academic feminism into the public sphere.

We can hold collectors accountable. If one encounters a private collection with few women in it, one might consider sending a Guerrilla Girls “Dearest Art Collector” postcard, which reads, “It has come to our attention that your collection, like most, does not contain enough art by women. We know that you feel terrible about this and will rectify the situation immediately.” Art collectors have the power to demand a broader selection than what they’re being offered by most gallerists.

We can also hold museum boards accountable. Boards have acquisition committees to whom curators present objects for possible purchase. With the majority of boards composed of male members, a curator’s task is all the more difficult if s/he is presenting work by a woman artist for consideration. If museum collection policies were modified to attend to gender discrepancies, then perhaps acquisitions could be more justly made.

Not only do we need to ensure that women’s work is purchased, we need to continue to curate women-only and feminist exhibitions as well as ones with gender parity. “In order to address . . . disparity, curators need to work much harder, and become much more informed, especially when examining art from other contexts that they are not familiar with or not living in,” says Russell Storer, senior curator at the National Gallery in Singapore. “Curators need to become aware of what women are doing, how women are working, the kind of ideas and interests that women are dealing with, and that can be quite different to what male artists are doing.” This is not affirmative-action curating, it’s smart curating.

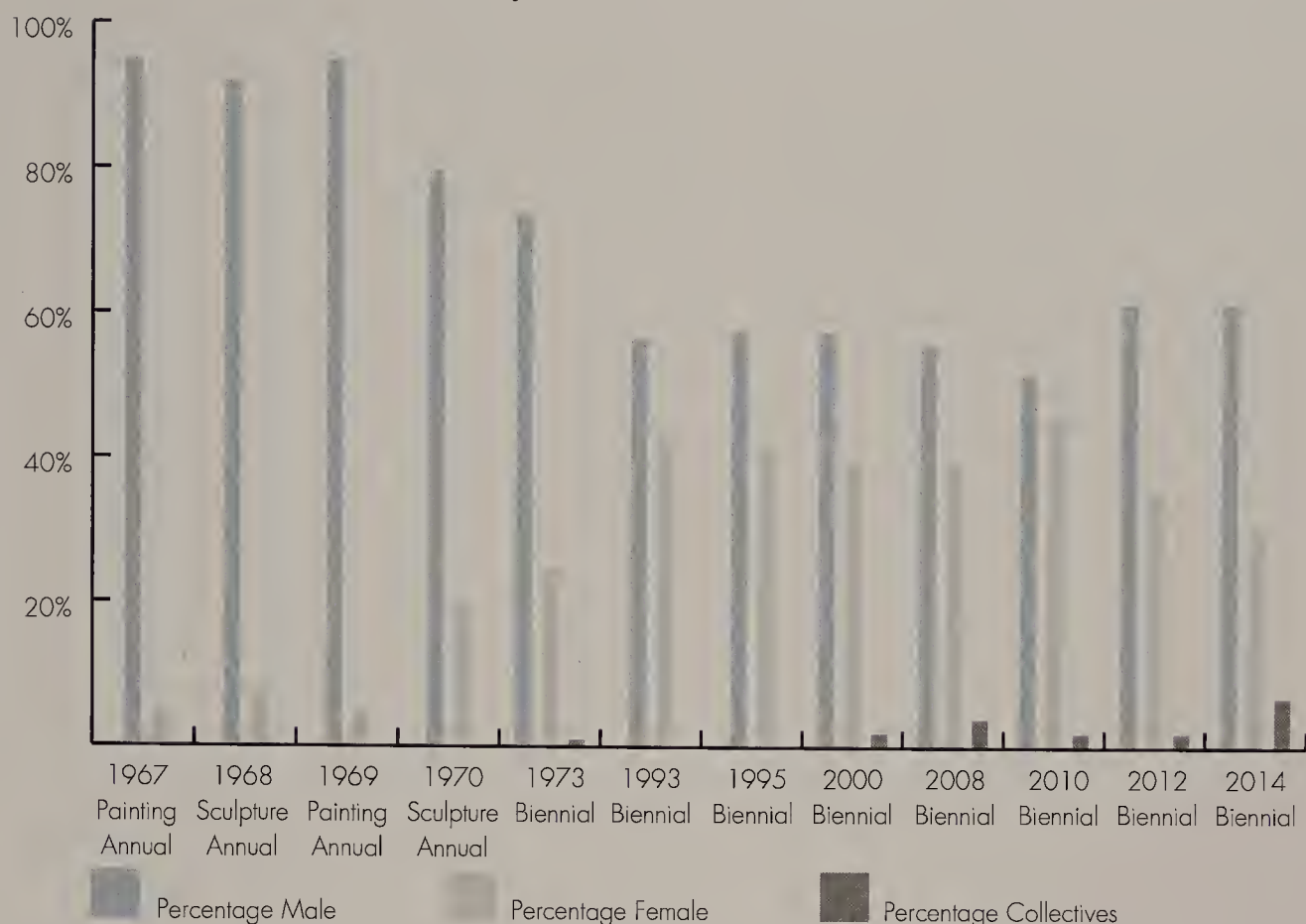
And, yes, we need to keep crunching the numbers. Counting is, after all, a feminist strategy. In 2013, the *New York Times Book Review* responded to data showing it infrequently featured female authors by appointing Pamela Paul as its new editor and making a public commitment to righting the balance.

This is what we need to do in the art world: right the balance.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM The Guerrilla Girls’ 1986 “Report Card” alongside Pussy Galore’s 2015 version.

Maura Reilly is an author and curator based in New York. In 2007, she co-curated, with Linda Nochlin, the exhibition “Global Feminisms,” for the Brooklyn Museum.

Fig. 7 Percentages for Whitney Biennials and Annuals, Various Years



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Fig. 8

GUERRILLA GIRLS' 1986 REPORT CARD

GALLERY	NO. OF WOMEN 1985-6	NO. OF WOMEN 1986-7	REMARKS
Blum Helman	1	1	No improvement
Mary Boone	0	0	Boy crazy
Grace Borgenicht	0	0	Lacks initiative
Diane Brown	0	2	Could do even better
Leo Castelli	4	3	not paying attention
Charles Cowles	2	2	Needs work
Morisa del Rey	0	0	No progress
Allan Frumkin	1	1	Doesn't follow direction
Marian Goodman	0	1	Keep trying
Pat Hearn	0	0	Delinquent
Marlborough	2	1	Failing
Oil & Steel	0	1	Underachiever
Pace	2	2	Working below capacity
Tony Shafrazi	0	1	Still unsatisfactory
Sperone Westwater	0	0	Unforgivable
Edward Thorp	1	4	Making excellent progress
Washburn	1	1	unacceptable

Source: Art In America Annual 1985-6 and 1986-7

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM **GUERRILLA GIRLS** CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD
532 LUGUARDIA PLACE, #237 • NY, NY 10012
E-mail: guerrillagirls@vovvserco.com
© Guerrilla Girls 1986

PUSSY GALORE'S 2015 REPORT CARD

GALLERY	% OF WOMEN	GALLERY	% OF WOMEN
303 Gallery	41%	Motthew Morks	16%
Alexander & Bonin	29%	Marlborough	16%
Mary Boone	13%	Metro Pictures	33%
Leo Castelli	15%	Poce	16%
Cheim & Reod	36%	Petzel	35%
Poulo Cooper	29%	Postmasters	39%
Derek Eller	15%	PPOW	53%
Zach Feuer	50%	Andreo Rosen	29%
James Fuentes	33%	Solon 94	50%
Gogosion	15%	Tony Shafrazi	5%
Morion Goodman	22%	Jock Shoinmon	26%
Casey Kaplon	23%	Sikkemo Jenkins	50%
Poul Kosmin	11%	Sonnobend	31%
Anton Kern	21%	Sperone Westwater	8%
Lehmann Moupin	41%	Edward Thorp	50%
Galerie Lelong	61%	Trocey Williams	58%
Luhning Augustine	21%	David Zwirner	27%

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM **PUSSY GALORE** KICKING IDIOCY IN THE ARSE

© Pussy Galore 2015

ELEANOR ANTIN

Born in 1935, lives in San Diego, California

Several years ago I was on a panel at the home of a collector couple. They had a garden where they served food to a crowd of art-world people. It was all relaxed and nonhierarchical; the hosts sat in a corner and seemed to be having a good time. After the panel, a woman in the audience had a question. She was the director of the art gallery at a small college and wanted to do an all-women show, but there was protest about it and she didn't know if it was a worthy thing to do. At that moment, our hostess leapt onto the stage and began to talk about how she and her husband had amassed a large and important collection without ever considering the sex of the artists. They chose out of love of the work, and for the artists' achievements and critical importance. The artists' sex was irrelevant and should never be considered. It was demeaning to artists to consider such things. When I couldn't take it anymore, I interrupted. "Wow! You certainly got all worked up by that question. Before this you were minding your own business. When this single question got you so worked up, you jumped into the discussion to tell us what pure art lovers you and your husband are. Why did this simple question freak you out so much?"

I turned to the woman who had asked the question, and said, "We have been having all-women shows for some time. Some of them are good. Some aren't as good. Probably some suck. But by and large, they are

interesting and necessary. Since it seems like a big deal to your colleagues, your college is probably a small one off the beaten track. I'll bet you have a number of good, serious artists working quietly in your area. I'm sure you have some at your school. I'm sure some of your faculty fit the bill. If you think a show of women artists would generate interest and discourse, perhaps political awareness, go for it. It's a great idea. It will at the very least allow artists not used to public attention to see their work in a larger context and learn what other people like them are doing, to perhaps even discover what, if any, similarities there are among the women. You might discover one or two really powerful artists. Just remember, don't stick only to your school. Track down artists, young and old, who live and work in your area. Maybe some of them will learn more about their work and their lives. Maybe they'll get together with other artists and do other shows." I ended by congratulating her and wishing her luck. People started filing out. Our hostess looked shocked and suddenly seemed bedraggled. It occurred to me that she had probably planned a short farewell speech. I cheerfully went into the next room and joined the other guests devouring her shrimps and lobsters.

Eleanor Antin, *Judgement of Paris (after Rubens)*, 2007, from the "Helen's Odyssey" series.



LYNDA BENGLIS

Born in 1941, lives and works between New York City, Santa Fe, Kastellorizo, Greece, and Ahmedabad, India

I feel that whatever I do has to do with my being a person who happens to be a woman. But I think the political issue is a great issue, although I'm not involved with the economics. I'm involved with the ideas.

Nevertheless, I think we, as women artists, have to make our demands. And I think I do everything for myself that I possibly can within that situation. I'm lucky enough to have always had outlets for my work. But also, I've assumed power. You have to carefully sift out the important things that don't necessarily apply to your life in order to get to more important things, in order to go on, to make your own rules and not be a victim. Worrying takes a lot of energy, and it's negative.

For my part, if I see something good being made by a woman, I'd like to buy it. I have a collection that seems to be fairly balanced. Right now, around my bedroom at Prince Street, I have three women artists whom I admire. But I do have other art.

When I was teaching at the University of Rochester, I went to San Francisco for a college art conference. Paul Brock, who was the dean of CalArts, saw me and said, "Oh, I'm at CalArts. It's a new school. We have a new building. You know, it's the Disney school." He added, "We have a feminist movement." He was married to Miriam Schapiro, and Judy Chicago was teaching there. He said, "You're somebody who is really doing something." I couldn't believe he said that, as if the other women weren't. That really irritated me. So I came, I gave that talk, but when I got there, I found that it was scheduled on the very day that the women artists were opening the 1972 exhibition "Womanhouse." There was only one woman at the conference.

Nothing's different today, but there are more women artists, and there are more people in the arts. I've managed to do what I pretty much wanted to do. And I encourage my students to do what they feel like doing. I advise them about life, and I feel equally about what they're doing and how to help them approach what they're faced with, whether they're a man or a woman. My women students at CalArts are very good. I'm even thinking about commissioning a work from one of them. I think women should support women, absolutely, but I support the guys, too.

My L.A. experience has been very, very good. I was also part of a situation where Dorothea Rockburne and myself and Martin Friedman were invited to the new Walker Art Center to do a commission, and I made a work that Hilton Kramer happened to like. He said, "That's the best thing since Louise Nevelson." So, you know, women are

compared with other women, and that's OK, too.

Nevelson is semi-forgotten, but I think we're having a resurgence with the museums. I remember somebody said to me recently, "You're too young! We're now showing women in their 80s and 90s and almost 100." And I thought, "Well, great. Good on ya!"

I think that it's a great time, that we have a gathering new wave here. A new old wave. The water's always been there, the light source has always been there, and women really do have the light source.

Lynda Benglis, *Swinburne Egg I*, 2009.



COCO FUSCO

Born in 1960, lives in New York City

It is important to pay attention to statistics when evaluating women's representation in exhibitions, museum collections, and gallery rosters. Those figures tell us a great deal about the depth of institutional commitments beyond the rhetoric spewed out to the media and to funders.

As for my own experience, I don't know if I am viewed primarily as a woman artist. I think I am viewed first and foremost as an outspoken person of color, and then as a person who is something of an interloper in the world of art, since I did not go to art school, and I write criticism and have an academic background.

There are times when I feel that males in positions of authority view me as a threat because I am female and not complicit in their sexist bullshit—these are the guys who fear mature female success, screw their female art students whenever they can, and treat female colleagues as subservient to themselves. They refuse to acknowledge and respect female talent, and they employ mafia-style tactics to undermine female advancement. Their methods range from damning with faint praise to refusing to accept women as their bosses, or secretly organizing the “demise” of female peers through the circulation of negative rumor. I have seen all of that happen, and it has taught me never to believe that feminism is accepted by men. Men in the art world are no more progressive than the rest of society—they just pay lip service to whatever is politically correct when they need to.

Taking all of that into account, as an artist, I am not sure that my being a woman has been more of a determinant in my career than have the other aspects of my identity.

Unfortunately, the nature of the art business is exclusionary. Works are deemed valuable not by popular choice but by virtue of the decisions of a tiny elite, and I don't see that changing anytime soon. This is what distinguishes the art economy from that of film or literature, where popular demand is extremely important to determining one's success. However, I do think that there is much to be done in art education. In the United States, decent art education is for the most part a luxury afforded to very few. Art schools are among the most expensive institutions in higher learning. That alone creates a very unlevel playing field.

And, finally, it's important to remember that women in power use the same sexist tactics as men against other women. In other words, men are not the only adherents to patriarchal principles.

Coco Fusco, *Observations of Predation in Humans: A Lecture by Dr. Zira, Animal Psychologist*, 2014.



CHITRA GANESH

Born in 1975, lives in Brooklyn, New York

The majority of my colleagues are women. Because my work opens up narratives to offer alternative representations of sexuality and eroticism, it is considered feminist.

I bear the legacies of being a woman artist and at the same time using imagery that many people would consider foreign or inaccessible in an American cultural context.

At a moment when so much is contingent upon an artist's market success—inclusion in biennials and museum shows, attaining gallery representation, higher-level grants and commissions, and mainstream visibility—it is difficult for artists whose cultural materials, art-historical referents, or formal approaches are not readily apprehended in the context of the mainstream market. I experience some of this in the reception of my work, with its combined presentation of figuration, sexuality, dark-skinned bodies, and seemingly “foreign” influences that a viewer located in the West might not be able to connect to American history or Western art history. Because of its apparent “illegibility,” support for my work is at times more institutional than commercial.

It is only within the last ten years that African American artists have garnered mainstream institutional attention in the United States. And for those of us whose parents are foreign born, it might take a few more decades to attain legibility and recognition as “American.” “America Is Hard to See,” the new Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, for instance, includes one artist of South Asian descent in a roster of over 400 participating artists.

I read an interesting article about the “unrecognized woman artist” which points to how prevalent this narrative is: it says “She is unrecognized,” not “We didn't recognize her,” and so evades naming the structures that produce this lack of recognition.

At this moment, popular entertainment merges with the consumption of contemporary art via art fairs, blockbuster shows, and the like. How can the imbalance be addressed when the subject of a MoMA retrospective is the female artist Björk? Not that art needs to be esoteric, but what is considered “art for the people” needs to be broadened and reevaluated.

There's still a struggle between the specific and the universal in categorizing contemporary art. The universal remains an unmarked, transcendent category, while marked categories are specified, of “special interest” rather than broader appeal, and with less institutional power. Many remark upon the fact that contemporary

art never gets called white male art, but women artists, African American artists, or queer artists seem to be labeled as such in order to qualify their work. Many have expressed a desire to buck these categories, to “just be able to make whatever I want”—everybody from my students in their 20s to extremely renowned artists who have been working for decades.

It has been eye-opening and a relief to exhibit my work outside of the United States—most places have a much richer, longer sense of history and have likely had a relationship with or awareness of the South Asian subcontinent from centuries past. In India specifically, I feel liberated from the burden of having the “Indianness” of my work be the first and foremost engagement. There, my work is able to breathe differently and transmit via other channels, and can be approached and engaged as being, for example, about temporality, iconicity, science fiction, nostalgia, rather than being placed within a specific identitarian context. Everything we're discussing here is only the tip of the iceberg.

Chitra Ganesh, *The Fortuneteller*, 2014.

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CLEOPATRA'S

Curatorial group founded in 2008, based in Brooklyn, New York

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Our generation lives in a more clouded/coded world, where we all know “what’s right” to some extent and yet inequality persists. A socialized political correctness keeps much outright discrimination at bay. Cleopatra’s age group is one that remembers a (which-wave?) riot grrrl. (Internally and externally, there is a winking reference to that era.) A lot of likeminded girl-power press is dropped upon Cleopatra’s, though we have never clearly stated any feminist mission or criteria. Do we self-identify as feminists? Sure. How does one perceive us now that that label is upon us? Many people introduce us as an all-female-led project—people have asked, “You only show women, right?” The answer is far from that and yet there is still some efficacy to the name, the fact that we are women speaking more than our statistics do.

We might add that the number of women working in the art world, attending art schools, etc., has increased dramatically—maybe a key difference is that we’re able to participate more as service workers and students, but that it’s incredibly hard to move past these entry or staff roles. We’re now encouraged to take part, but often so schools and galleries can make money off us.

In a recent tally of all artists and practitioners Cleopatra’s has worked with, 47 percent are women. We’ve done about 98 projects; 22 percent of exhibitions have been either solo-female or all-women exhibitions,

32 percent of exhibitions have been either solo-male or all-men exhibitions—that leaves 46 percent mixed shows that are pretty much 50/50. Not bad stats but we could do better. That’s without even trying—and not counting—until seven years into a ten-year project. Does it make a difference that we are all women running the place when the stats come out a bit more equally? We’re not sure.

People might find hope looking at the stats of small spaces and institutions off the beaten path. These secondary institutions are making an attempt, but like the women artists who don’t get shown, the women-run spaces don’t get attention.

Hands down the biggest observation that we have made in the role of being four perfect targets for artists to approach, pitch projects to, ask for a studio visit, etc., is that probably nine out of ten people to hit us up are men. We call them squeaky wheels. Squeaky wheels get grease. More women artists need to approach venues and curators, pitch projects, ask for the studio visit, etc., and become patrons of the types of spaces that they want to see exist, that have the programming that includes them. They need to approach people who already support women and make sure to go to those shows and help promote those spaces. It’s a reciprocal relationship.

Janice Guy, *Untitled (Wicker Chair)*, 1979 (both).

K8 HARDY

Born in 1977, lives in New York City

It's important that we continue to talk about the reality of the sexism in the art world. There's a code of silence that envelops you once you get closer to being an insider. It's crass to talk about sales, because artists are above sales. I feel so lucky to have had the success I've had that I'm hesitant to complain on a public platform. I'm not really sure if men feel this way, or if this hesitation and minimizing gratefulness is part of the female brainwashing. Of course, there's an exception for everything, and this is part of what makes sexism in the art world so slippery. Art is so circumstantial, but the figures relay the reality.

At the moment, my work is in a few museum and private collections. However, I am not in the game of making six figures a year from being collected, or anywhere near that. Despite all the press and exposure I have, and despite having had my work in innumerable art fairs, it seems incredibly difficult to accumulate the momentum of really being collected or exhibited.

I feel like I've been hitting the glass ceiling for four or five years. I can't make enough money to hire an assistant, and I can barely cover my studio expenses. I'm responsible for making a lot of decisions that don't lead me toward commercial success, and the integrity of my work is my priority, but I rarely see a man with similar credentials making so little.

The most frustrating difference is that my male peers have many more solo shows, which are necessary to developing their careers and developing as artists. They are in kunsthalle exhibitions all over Europe. I recently had my first solo show at one of these institutions. It was in the basement, and the extremely macho male painters were upstairs in the exhibition space. According to this institution, this was a fair placement because of the male artists' numbers overall, their statistics. Our experiences

K8 Hardy, *Form #21*, 2010, from the "Position" series.



were not part of the consideration, so you can't even get close to equality with ambitious numbers.

It's not my goal to be as rich as my male peers. I don't care so much about that. I want to work and I want to survive, and I believe my audience expects as much from me.

The biggest inequity in the art world develops out of race and class privilege. The elephant in these numbers comes down to race and to the fact that we are really considering mostly white men and white women.

This is one reason I participated in founding the group W.A.G.E. (www.wageforwork.com). Artists need modest fees and rights that enable them to exhibit and survive without losing their jobs or the income from the time they need to take off from work. This is a small divide that few can pass without the privilege of education or class.

DEBORAH KASS

Born in 1952, lives in Brooklyn, New York

I was raised in a very middle-class post-war world. In this generation, white middle-class mothers did not get the respect fathers did. It was just like *Mad Men*—those were the values I grew up with. It's what was on TV, in the movies and advertising. My sister and I cleared the dishes while my brother sat after dinner. It was the '60s, pre-civil rights and the women's movement. No one taught us girls how to be in the world.

Luckily, I had my grandmother. Her parents were Hungarian immigrants who didn't speak English. They lived in a firetrap in the Bronx along with their five children. My grandmother hocked her engagement ring at 20 and opened a clothing store, worked 18-hour days, and made a successful business. She was not cuddly and wise. She was smart and tough. She ran the family, she was the boss, she was our Tony Soprano and just as complicated. I adored her.

When I went to art school, there were almost no women teachers. The only women in the art-history books were Mary Cassatt and Georgia O'Keeffe. Every artist in history was white and male.

I was on the young end of feminism. I really bought it hook, line, and sinker. It changed my life.

When I got to New York in 1974 or '75, to me the most interesting work was being done by women. There was no hint of a problem being a woman painter. I saw Pat Steir, Elizabeth Murray, Mary Heilmann, Faith Ringgold, Susan Rothenberg, Louise Fishman,

Harmony Hammond, Lois Lane, Joan Snyder—a seemingly endless number of women painters. What they were doing *mattered*.

The question is, how much have we lost since then?

It was a real shock to suddenly see men completely dominate painting's discourse and the new market of the early '80s, when Ronald Reagan became president. My male peers were really in sync with the values of the times. I think the women weren't ready for the business that art was to become by 1980, but it was obviously something the men understood. You can go through every movement in the '80s, and there are virtually no women involved in them, neither Neo-Expressionism nor Neo-Geo. Painting was again entrenched in anachronistic clichés of genius and greatness. And people bought it! If you were a '70s feminist fighting the good fight, this seemed just historically strange. Painting in the '70s really challenged those clichés. I thought the world changed because of feminism. I was wrong.

Appropriation was a different story because it wasn't painting. In my fantasy those brilliant women said to themselves, "I'm not even going to try to paint. I'm going to figure something else out." Photography was then a marginal market activity. Cindy Sherman, Barbara Kruger, Sherrie Levine, Louise Lawler, Laurie Simmons, and Sarah Charlesworth made critical and radical work, arguably the most important work of the '80s. I am not sure any of them made the kind of money the male painters their age did.

I was hopeful for my generation, but we proved disappointing. I'm just terrified for my nieces. In four decades of my adult life women's wages went up a total of 10 cents per every dollar earned by men, to 75 cents. That is economic inequality and should be an embarrassment for everyone. It is discrimination pure and simple. Women should go on strike. Do all men really think they are entitled to 25 percent more of everything?

When the top hedge-fund people are women, when the president is a woman, when the top earners are 50 percent women, things will be different. Is that ever going to happen? Why not? There was a report by Oxfam recently that said at this rate, it will take 75 years to achieve equal pay for equal work. If Hillary Clinton wins, it's going to be fantastic for women in the arts. I would like to see the White House filled with women's art. That would be a good start.

Deborah Kass. *Who Blue Who*, 2014.





CAROLEE SCHNEEMAN

Born in 1939, lives in Springtown, New York

What an amazement that the lost, buried, denied, deflected history of women artists has been irrevocably brought forward. This hard-won integration of feminist anthropology, archaeology, linguistics, religious studies, and our suppressed inheritance has vivified this great creative realm formerly identified as exclusively male. Complex electronic measurements have confirmed that the patterns of handprints in Paleolithic caves were made by women (probably using menstrual blood). Women artists had already recognized our marks from Paleolithic, Cycladic, up to and including certain Eurocentric artworks and the reluctant recognition of non-European aesthetics.

This richness was seized by feminist determinations in the 1970s when we founded independent galleries, activist journals, and public protests against our exclusion. These achievements took on unexpected power and relevance. Nevertheless, they remain fragile, precarious, subject to societal upheavals. We who have

the most functional aesthetic freedoms must extend our capabilities to aid and abet women and all artists whose lives are constrained, controlled, and often in danger.

In 1972, when I self-printed my feminist notes "Women in the Year 2000," I could only hope that most of the creative intentions I described for our future might become possible, and they have now come to fruition in our culture. I am experiencing retroactive cautions given the degree of glamour, economic reward, and current cultural embrace of many things feminist which lack rigor, radicalization, and resistance. It brings to mind our feminist precedents, radical artists who died in poverty and hunger, such as Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven. She might be considered the first body artist, an inspiration for Dada, Happenings. The immensity of her achievements was so shocking that they remain buried in some addendum on eccentric art.

Carolee Schneeman, *Flange 6RPM*, 2011–12.



CINDY SHERMAN

Born in 1954, lives in New York City and Sag Harbor, New York

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While I agree that there have been great strides in making things better, we still have a ways to go before there's real parity. I am well aware that my prices aren't anywhere near those of my male counterparts, and while it annoys the hell out of me, I also think, How can I complain when I'm still doing so well? I was brought up to be self-sacrificing and more concerned with others than myself. I've never been super-competitive. Even in the hyped-up '80s, when I felt I was getting at least equal the praise of my male peers, my work sold for a fraction of their prices. But there was also the issue of photography versus painting, so my work would naturally be cheaper.

And then there's the theory that that is why so many women artists of my generation worked in photography, precisely because it didn't compete with painting.

I felt that my female artist friends and I were always supportive of one another, perhaps because we felt like underdogs, but there was also always a sense of having one another's back. I don't think that the guys back then had a similar support structure. Maybe for them it was always just about money and fame, and men are more aggressive toward those ends.

I've always sensed that women artists have to prove themselves exceptional in order to get their foot in the door, to be considered for something, whereas many, many mediocre men artists easily get by. Years ago, I

remember someone complaining about the number of mediocre women artists who were getting attention and I had to point out that it was only balancing out the proportion to mediocre men, who we take for granted.

The one part of Maura's essay that hit home to me was in the "What Can Be Done" section, when she quotes Cixous's statement that women need to become speaking subjects rather than silent objects. I've been asked many times to be interviewed for important radio or television programs, not to mention lectures, but I've always declined because I don't enjoy talking about my work and being in the spotlight (and have only agreed as a sort of quid pro quo PR for a major exhibition). About a year ago I was asked to do a major TV interview and was torn between a sense of duty and a lack of desire. As a woman artist, it's important to have a presence, to inspire other young women, and to discuss the disparity in the art world, but personally I did not want to do it, perhaps as a relic of my upbringing. It's not shyness; I just didn't want to be bothered.

I am hopeful that as time goes on and more households encourage both daughters and sons to assert themselves, we'll stop seeing men as being the pushy ones, hogging the attention, while women stand complacently in the shadows. Both examples need to be revised.

Cindy Sherman, *Untitled #550*. 2010/2012.

SHAHZIA SIKANDER

Born in Pakistan in 1969, lives in New York City

Women's personal lives are often overemphasized in documentation and critical writing surrounding their work. My art has often been read as being by the "other" as a result of representing South Asian artistic practice in New York City.

The introduction of my work to the New York scene in the 1990s spurred curiosity and met with a great reception. My exhibition at the Drawing Center and inclusion in the Whitney Biennial, both in 1997, were among the first exhibitions of contemporary miniature painting in New York. Even though people were connecting with my work in miniature painting, they were unable to fully understand and contextualize artistic production from the region. The reviews from the time bordered on being ethnographic.

For example, *New York Times* art critic Holland Cotter wrote a review of several shows of South Asian art in 1997 saying, "If you like New York City, chances are you'll like India. Midtown Manhattan at lunchtime and an Indian village on market day are surprisingly alike. Cars and bikes charge by; personal space is at a premium; the noise level is high; the sheer variety of people exhausting." He goes on to discuss the "Out of India" show at the Queens Museum, in which I participated. About its reception, Cotter wrote, "That audience is still, it is true, relatively small, but it will grow. At the moment Ms. Sikander must bear the unenviable burden of being a breakthrough figure, with work dynamic enough to capture the attention of viewers who have little direct knowledge of her sources. But there are other artists waiting in the wings to join her in an art world that is now global."

As Cotter accurately expresses, the lens shifts from the work to the individual: it became very tied to me, since there were so few South Asian artists in New York—it was as though the artist had to stand in for lack of visibility of related work. As a woman, I've often felt that readings of my work overemphasized my ethnicity. Furthermore, the complexity of my status as a transnational artist is often lost in the Pakistani-American bond that art institutions

often impose. In many of the interviews that I have been asked to participate in, interlocutors ask me more about my personal identity and relationship to Pakistan than about my artistic practice.



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Shahzia Sikander, *Untitled*, 1993.

MICKALENE THOMAS

Born in 1971, lives in New York City

One of the major shifts in the landscape since 1971 is that more women today are in positions of opportunity. We're able to run businesses, make money, and have careers independently of men. Things have shifted for women in the arts. If you think of Pat Steir's generation, there were so many fewer women recognized then. Not that things are perfect: if you asked a room of 20 people, maybe eight or ten of them would be able name the top female contemporary artists. And even though women make up a huge part of the art market, their prices aren't at all comparable to what men make. Still, I'm here as an artist, as a woman able to support myself solely on my art. Could I have done that in 1971? I doubt it.

Many of the disparities between female and male artists today are subtle. I've been included in publications where the names of the male artists are in big, bold letters and all of the women's names are in smaller sizes. With catalogues, usually, if there are two artists, the male artist goes on the front cover and the female artist goes on the back. The medium is the message, and these decisions are loaded with meaning that we respond to intuitively. If you see Jeff Koons in big letters and Kara Walker in a small font, you get a message about who is the more significant artist.

Because things have shifted for women in the arts, maybe we need to start thinking about how to use the positions we're in to make change. One thing we can change is the conversations we're having. If we're only talking about women artists in comparison to male artists, then we aren't talking about the theoretical, conceptual, and formal aspects of the art women make—the art itself. And when we talk about women in the arts, we need to think about all the sub-categories—women



of color, queer women—that create disparities again. Until the conversations change, we really aren't making progress.

And as women in positions of opportunity, we can think about how to extend opportunity to our peers. I wanted to do this when I put together my curatorial exhibition "Tête-à-Tête," which presented the work of (mostly women) artists who inspire me. It was a chance to put these artists on the radar of more writers and curators. The same artists are always being shown—even female curators and gallery directors mostly put men in their shows. Very few take risks, move beyond familiar circles, and act as the game-changers they could be. That's why I have so much respect for Helen Molesworth, chief curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles—she creates opportunities for women. I first met her when I was working at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, and a few years later she thought of me for her first big project at MOCA. She could have gotten anybody, so for me this was very courageous of her.

Mickalene Thomas, *Racquel #6*, 2013.

BETTY TOMPKINS

Born in 1945, lives in New York City and Pleasant Mount, Pennsylvania

When I first came to New York in the late '60s, I was in my mid-20s. I would go around to galleries and talk to the dealers, or the person manning the front desk, and they would say, "Come back in ten years when you've found your own voice." But actually quite a lot of the dealers would say, "Even ten years from now, when you have your own voice, don't come back, because we don't show women."

Later, New York State passed a law that made it illegal for employers to ask a prospective employee what his or her thoughts were about having a family. I would have dealers to my studio, and this was clearly still something they wanted to know. And it was interesting to see them dance around the question, because they could no longer directly say, "What are your plans for a family?"

These days, we take it for granted that there are more women in the galleries and in museums, but when you look at the actual numbers, there has been little improvement. When I look at the numbers, I shake my head. Where is the "leaning in"? To me, "separate but equal" doesn't work, and you can see it in the statistics. We are still a qualified group—"women artists," "black artists," "artists of color." And that makes it lesser. But we can't just look at individual numbers or charts. We need to look at the big picture for any given artist. Where am I getting to show? Who's getting to look at my work? Who's writing about it? Who's buying it? You also can't just concentrate on how much money I am making.

My work is owned by one museum, the Centre Pompidou in Paris. I have never been in a show in a U.S. museum. I never know how much to attribute this to the fact that I'm a woman and how much to attribute to my subject matter, which presents a challenge for dealers. Luckily, I now have two terrific dealers—Gavlak in Los Angeles and Palm Beach and Rodolphe Janssen in Brussels—who are courageous and who like to have conversations about controversial work.

A couple of years ago, I reread a book called *The Art Dealers*, which originally came out in the early '70s. The authors, Laura de Coppet and Alan Jones, talked to top dealers over a two- or three-year period. I was more than halfway through before any dealer mentioned a woman artist. I think it was either Louise Nevelson or Louise Bourgeois. I was three-quarters through before one dealer said that when she developed her gallery, she knew she wanted to show a significant number of women

and could develop a market for that. In the context of this book, and of the time, the word "artist" meant "male artist," and predominantly "white male artist." This morning, I reread Linda Nochlin's essay from 1971, "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" (I've always thought of it as one half of a double feature with Virginia Woolf's "A Room of One's Own.") And it's exactly what Nochlin was saying, that in the general culture the word "artist" means "white man." I don't know how much of that has actually changed. Right now, we are in an age of rediscovery of certain artists. Why that is, I really can't say, but I am grateful for the attention I am getting. I feel appreciated for what I do and what I've done, but when I look at the big picture I still see a lot of tokenism.



Betty Tompkins, *Kiss Painting #5*, 2014.

JAMIAN JULIANO-VILLANI

Born in 1987, lives in Brooklyn, New York

My experience with sexism in the art world has been validating in a way—almost positive, if you will. If I made the paintings I make as a man...that shit would not fly. It would be more offensive, or more easily dismissed, I think. Calling breasts “tits” and painting scenes of sex and violence is much more easily digested when it’s coming from a woman as opposed to a man. But maybe that’s another construct that creates yet another problem. The beauty is I’m allowed to think like a man and act like a man because I’m a woman, and I find it surprising people find that unassuming.

People don’t take painting as seriously when it’s coming from a woman, or someone of color, or anyone that isn’t a white man. Then things get ghettoized—people over-compensating in a lazy way by having “all women” or “all black” artist shows. It comes off as an apology or a favor instead of being legitimate. That is what highlights my frustration on this topic of sexism: the more we point

it out, the longer it continues to be an issue. The other artists you are talking to are historical and I can’t imagine the injustices they’ve witnessed, and I don’t know how well I can relate. But from my point of view, the short time I’ve been here, I just choose to ignore that shit and keep going forward and make it work in my favor.

It also seems like sexism is a huge conversation that, in the art world, is very insular. I sometimes think it’s hypocritical to complain in such a pretentious field where so few people are allowed in. Gender bias? What about education bias? Race bias? Class bias? All the other biases that we project in the art world? Why don’t we talk about the high capitalism we all participate in while shitting on it and maybe be a little more self-aware? You could get a whole family out of debt for the price of a piece of art.

Jamian Juliano-Villani. *Apparition of Master*. 2015.



WANGECHI MUTU

Born in Nairobi in 1972, lives in Brooklyn, New York

It's important to notice how women are represented in exhibitions and other art infrastructures, and it's absolutely necessary to look at raw numbers in order to grasp the gender imbalance in any situation or context. The numbers can be shocking and glaringly honest, and without them people wouldn't be fully convinced of how uneven the playing field is.

But I think there are other ways as well to note the disparities—nuanced ways in which the absence of women is manifest—in terms of ideas, choice of imagery, type of work curated in exhibitions, and how the female form is presented. How often do women appear in art, and how do they sit and perform in the works? Is the figure always represented as docile, inactive, sexualized, or subordinate? Does she have an inferior role in a larger narrative that emphasizes the superiority of the male protagonist? Is her appearance stereotypical in terms of weight, skin color, hair texture, and facial expression? Statistics help document the unfair representation of women, but studies and analysis of conceptual and intellectual misrepresentation are also important.

My experience has been varied now that I'm traveling for my art and moving in and out of the United States. I find that I am more aware of my gender when I go home to Kenya. I tend to experience more explicit tensions or annoyances related to being female. When I'm in the States I feel more detached by virtue of my race and ethnicity.

What I do know is that I've tended to surround myself with a very strong, competent female work team. My art is the very center of my power of expression, and the last thing I want is to have the ideas I create and the environment in which the art is made sullied by sexist behavior.

I have limited control over the misogynists who inhabit our world, but in my home and studio I can create an environment without the "testosteronic" tendencies of some males. I can also make decisions about the kind of masculine behavior I need around my work/living environment that is conducive, loving, and supportive of the ideas I'm creating. Everywhere else the battle continues,

and any person who thinks that women are free and gender balance has been achieved is living under a cushy delusional rock.

I often wish the art world was an ideal, enlightened, progressive, and more perfect place than the rest of the world, but sadly, I know that is not the case. So the way to create greater equality in the art world is to create and fight for greater equality in the whole "real" world, in all sectors, genres, generations, races, and professions. We all need to get hip to the fact that we must struggle to end unfair treatment toward anyone and end the oppression and the inhumanity that we still inflict on one another in order to create any kind of equality.



Wangechi Mutu, *Shy side-eye*, 2015.

MARTHA WILSON

Born in 1947, lives in Brooklyn, New York

My son's girlfriend, a sorority sister at American University, pondered my 1974 series "A Portfolio of Models," and then remarked, "It's still like that."



The Goddess

Her presence is felt by both men and women, and every member of society past the age of five is aware of her. She is the fashion-model archetypes, an implicit image of reference. She always looks perfect. She also smells wonderful at all times. She has "sex-appeal." However, she is asexual. We look but don't imagine. Whether she is intelligent is irrelevant.



The Lesbian

She hates the goddess, because actually the goddess was invented by the men on Madison Avenue. She alone sees through goddessdom, but unluckily, her sexuality is so misplaced that the rest of society ignores her. Her intelligence is a flyweight issue in light of her emotional problems.



The Housewife

This woman aspires to goddessdom, but she is compromised by some everyday realities: she can't spend all day on her face because she has to feed the kids. She can't starve herself bed-sit thin because she has to keep her strength up. Sex is a routine part of her life, whether it be an exciting one or an unpleasant one. If she wants to be kinky, she might as well. She is intelligent, but has convinced herself that she is fulfilled.

A PORTFOLIO OF MODELS

These are the models society holds out to me: Goddess, Housewife, Working Girl, Professional, Earth-Mother, Lesbian. At one time or another, I have tried them all on for size, and none has fit. All that's left to do is be an artist and point the finger at my own predicament. The artist operates out of the vacuum left when all other values are rejected.

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Martha C



The Working Girl

She can only approach goddessdom insofar as her budget permits. She works very hard, and is given no credit for any brains she may or may not have. She relieves the drudgery of life by having a riproaring time in bed.



The Professional

She plays down her competence to get along. Perhaps she is not beautiful, but she is extremely well-groomed, approaching goddessdom at least by the cost of her outfit. Her sexuality is a point of debate: does her job fulfill her and make her a self-loving person, or does she succeed in her job because she is frigid?



The Earth-Mother

She claims she doesn't give a shit about the goddess. Actually, to be such a perfect mirror-reversal of her, in her workboots and braless peasant blouses, she is just as conscious of the goddess as the suburban queen. She flaunts her sexuality, not out of boredom, but because it is a natural function, god-given for us to enjoy. She has shelved her intellect for the time being, deriving fulfillment from working the land with her hands.



GUERRILLA GIRLS

Group formed in 1985, based in New York City

When we started in 1985, dealers, curators, and critics refused to admit there was a problem. Some actually said that women and artists of color didn't make art that was "good enough." Now the bias is more coded. Tokenism, showing the same few women or artists of color over and over, is a huge distraction. The glass ceiling is so crushing you bang your head against it every day! And let's not get started on the subject of economic inequity. White male artists earn four to nine times more than

everyone else. If you follow the money to the 1 percent of the 1 percent who buy art and run museum boards, it all starts to add up. Artists are great, but the art world sucks. The good news is that lots of artists are rejecting this corrupt system. Like us, they're working to create an art world they want to live in.

Guerrilla Girls, *The Estrogen Bomb*, 2013–15.

CARRIE MAE WEEMS

Born in 1953, lives in Brooklyn and Syracuse, New York

There's a reason Sheryl Sandberg's book *Lean In* was so important. There have been wonderful changes for women artists in the past 40-some years, and I know these women now in a way that I didn't when my career began. As a student I went to the library to find books on women photographers and found there were very few—among them, Julia Margaret Cameron, Diane Arbus, Imogen Cunningham. That was what first stimulated me to do research trying to locate women artists. I did a lot of that work as an undergraduate. Since then, there has been considerable improvement. However, although women artists are now being exhibited more, their work is still not valued to the extent of the male artists'. We are still a psychological and cultural distance away from recognizing and valuing them.

One factor may be that women artists tend to be isolated. They more often work alone, while men tend to work in teams. Look at Gregory Crewdson, whose production process might involve 50 assistants, while Cindy Sherman works quietly in her studio with maybe one assistant.

And then there is cultural isolation. I'm always calling my male friends to task when they work on a project and call their male friends for advice but don't call me.

But all of this relates to larger problems. As a society we are still seeking ways to deal with gender disparity. The isolation of women is culturally imposed, and it's a situation in which they participate. Rising to the occasion is a tall order. I don't blame women. But I'm always trying to discern how we might be complicit in our own victimization. I'm aware of the ways in which we are isolated and realize how difficult it is to combat that.

Around the same time that Linda Nochlin wrote "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" Alice Walker wrote the book *In Search of Our Mother's Garden* (1972), in which she asked, "What did it mean for a black woman to be an artist in our grandmothers' time? In our great-grandmothers' day? It is a question with an answer cruel enough to stop the blood."

For my part, I find myself in constant battle with organizations, institutions, both male and female, about fair and equal treatment. I attempt in my work to negotiate the power imbalance. There is a certain lack of democracy, whereby women represent the womb of a democracy not yet born.

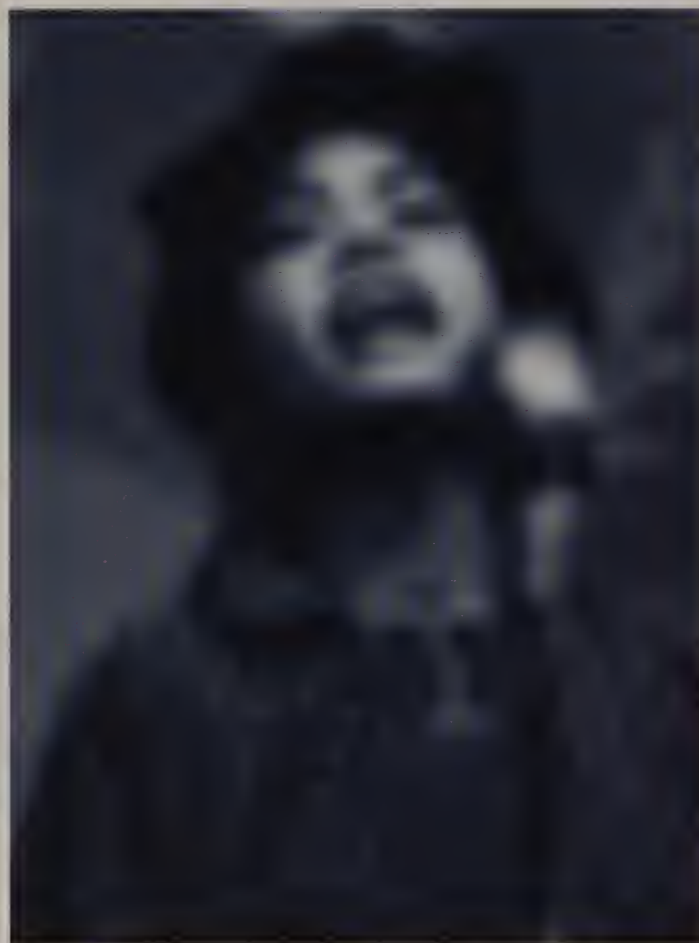
Only when we start to separate questions of feminism from the larger issue of democracy will we really be able to have the conversation in a way that doesn't cause a

large group of people to shy away from us. How do I do that as a black artist? As a woman? These are my ongoing questions. A whole generation was snowed by the idea of "political correctness." The term wore on us, and we backed away—we didn't want to appear "p.c." The term substituted for a movement. So how do we pose the questions in a new way?

The feminist movement, which has been displaced and undermined, depends for its survival on organizing—that is still true. But what do we organize around? There has been a splintering of groups: blacks are over here, gays over there—everybody trying to do his or her own thing. And in the midst of it all, you tend to lose the greater social connections among those groups. Feminism as a larger movement was destroyed because these people weren't working together and organizing around a larger principle of social change.

That is one of the ways in which the political right has won. At the end of the day, we are all human beings searching for equality in a challenging system. We need a narrative change. We need a new set of terms. And most importantly, we need to keep the conversation going. The extent to which you are willing to relinquish the conversation is the extent to which you've failed.

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Carrie Mae Weems, *Abbey Lincoln*, 2010. from the "Slow Fade to Black_Set II" series.

BLACK-SHEEP FEMINISTS

In the '60s and '70s, a subset of feminist artists pushed the limits of body art, political correctness, and female sexual agency; today their work is more influential than ever

BY ALISON M. GINGERAS

66

It is sometimes assumed that feminist art—the art made in the heyday of feminism’s second wave in the 1960s and ’70s—was monolithic. Nothing could be further from the truth. While there was general agreement about the existence of gender disparities, artists, like activists, differed widely in how they addressed them. Just as there were and are many feminisms, there were and are many branches of feminist art.

Even today, one of the most fractious issues within feminist political and artistic circles is the question of pornography and the politics of erotic representation. While much feminist art has been integrated into mainstream art history, artists who embraced a sex-positive attitude in their work have been systematically excluded from important exhibitions and catalogues devoted to women’s art. This subset—what I like to call the “black sheep” feminist artists—were in some cases actively subjected to censure in the ’70s. They are still largely overlooked within the legacy of feminist art as a whole. Artists like Anita Steckel, Betty Tompkins, Joan Semmel, and Cosey Fanni Tutti explored the extreme edges of feminist politics and sexualized iconography; for this reason, their work remains marginalized.

In 1973, Semmel joined Steckel’s newly formed Fight Censorship (FC) group. (Steckel, whose work

is completely overlooked today, may be best known as a political organizer.) In a 1973 press release, the collective described itself as “women artists who have done, will do, or do some form of sexually explicit art, i.e., political, humorous, erotic, psychological.” Under the banner “Women Artists Join to Fight to Put Sex into Museums and Get Sexism and Puritanism Out,” Semmel and her FC colleagues attempted to create a context for their practices, and pushed for wider acceptance of sexually explicit artworks by women. One of the things that made these artists controversial was their handling of the male body. As scholar Richard Meyer has written, they “eroticized the male body in ways that conformed neither to heterosexual convention nor to mainstream feminist thought at the time.... The art they produced reminds us that sexuality cannot be made to align with politics, including the politics of feminism.” In a 2007 interview with Meyer, Semmel said that she was trying “to find an erotic language to which women could respond, one which did not reiterate the male power positions and prevalent fetishizations in conventional pornography and art.” She “wanted to develop a language whereby a woman could express her own desires, whatever they might be, without shame or sentimentality.”



Cosey Fanni Tutti is best known as a cult figure in the UK. From 1973 to 1980, she exploded the comparatively tame conventions of “feminist” body and performance art by completely immersing herself as a model in the pornographic magazine business. Without announcing herself as an artist or delimiting the terms of her work as a “performance”—thereby depriving herself of the safety net of “art”—she posed in over 40 magazine “actions.” Since her famously censored show at the Institute of Contemporary Art in London, in 1976, Cosey Fanni Tutti remains relatively unknown in international circles.

Even within this sex-positive black-sheep subset of feminist art, there were conceptual and political rifts. Unlike Semmel, whose paintings were based on photographs of models taken in her studio, Tompkins culled the subject matter for her monumental, photo-realistic “Fuck Paintings”—tightly cropped scenes of heterosexual penetration—from hardcore pornographic photographs and, later, porn magazines, which were illegal in the United States at the time. Semmel objected to Tompkins’s appropriation of these images on the grounds that they form an exploitative, misogynist industry, and could not be redeemed, even through their cooption by a woman artist.

As contemporary debates about pornography rage on—can it be empowering to women or it is always exploitation?—it seems these artists’ time has come: recently, Semmel and Tompkins have gotten renewed attention, through exhibitions. Perhaps now we can acknowledge that their approach is one of the more radical contributions to recent art history.

While these women continue to be the black sheep who strayed from the established feminist flock, today they provide essential performative, discursive, and iconographic precedents for a host of contemporary art practices that explore hardcore, sex-positive terrain—from Jeff Koons’s “Made in Heaven” series to more recent porn-inspired work by John Currin. Despite being shut out of the mainstream canon of “feminist” art, these four artists represent the unsung matriarchal forebears for those artists who seek to push the limits of body art, political correctness, and (female) sexual agency.

Joan Semmel, *Centered*, 2002.

Alison M. Gingeras is adjunct curator at Dallas Contemporary in Dallas, Texas. Her exhibition “Black Sheep Feminism: The Art of Sexual Politics” will run from January 23 to March 18, 2016.

LISTING WOMEN

Do lists gloss over problems or bring
them into focus?

BY RUBA KATRIB

68 In March 2014, the *New York Times* ran the article “Study Finds a Gender Gap at the Top Museums.” Noting that women “run just a quarter of the biggest art museums in the United States and Canada, and they earn about a third less than their male counterparts,” the *Times* confirmed what many working in the contemporary art field had long known, but had seldom seen publically validated. Most of my female colleagues and I share our encounters with sexism in strict confidence, acknowledging that there is nothing worse than being perceived as female and complaining. Regardless, it seems safe to say that in the contemporary art world, women and women’s issues are now objects of interest—or so it would seem judging from all the recent lists promoting them.

While investigative articles such as that in the *Times* are infrequent, lists and rankings are abundant. Top women, women to watch, women artists and curators you need to know—you may not yet know these women, but you get the message: there are women working in the art world and some might be considered worthy of attention. They may even be *powerful*. Where notions of gender and success are concerned, the list, by virtue of its very format, embodies the crux of the problem: a litany of names and capsule bios, peppered with personal anecdotes and external endorsements, in lieu of analysis of enduring inequities and systemic biases.

To be clear, I have nothing against publicizing women’s accomplishments. Yes, please publicize women. The more people who are made aware that there are many

great women working in art the better. However, the biggest problem with lists is the most obvious one: an absence of nuance. And inclusion on them, especially the ranked ones, conforms to mostly patriarchal-defined notions of success. Would it be possible to make a list of “the most fulfilled artists you need to know”? Fulfillment is inherently subjective and based on individual values, while definitively presented lists of the powerful and up-and-coming alike act as authoritative assessments. Equity is essential, but the idea of being at the top, or of being on your way there, is flawed. As a feminist, I don’t see power and domination as personal goals. And I don’t identify my ambitions with “the top,” firstly, because the top doesn’t actually exist, and secondly, because I don’t feel aligned with how this myth is constructed today. Perhaps we could identify standards of success differently in the art world, especially as women.

Since we are increasingly inundated with gender-based lists and profiles, a question to ask is, Do they *do* anything? Do they have any tangible effect? Do they translate into deserved promotions and fair salaries? Or better, exhibition opportunities and press attention? Do they gloss over problems or bring them into focus? I am wary of lists in general. They conform to an oversimplified assessment, creating arbitrary inventories. And when based on gender, the crudeness of the list is even more glaring. You can browse the “100 Most Powerful Women in the Art World,” or you can browse *ArtReview* magazine’s “Power 100,” ostensibly a list of the 100 most powerful people in the global art world. In 2014, only three of the top ten on *ArtReview*’s list were women, revealing that, when tallying people, the numbers often just don’t add up.

Recently, I have been included in a few female-focused lists and profiles. Looking at these, I feel a mix of happiness and embarrassment. I’m thankful that someone was thinking of me and noticing my work. But I cringe at the unintentional, subtly infantilizing tone. When evaluated in the context of gender, even when praised, it’s difficult to ignore the subtext. I have encouraged and participated in female-oriented conversations, including the current one in this issue of *ARTnews*. It’s important to carve out these spaces of discussion, where we aren’t ashamed to talk about gender inequity in contemporary art. We do need more in-depth discussion. This very need is made

evident through the current acceptability, and vogue, of listing women as a separate category of artist, curator, director, or collector. However, these disparities are a serious matter affecting people's daily lives. In contrast to this reality, the superficiality and trendiness of the gender-based shout-out leaves me uneasy.

I wonder, are we more interested in women working in art as an abstract concept, or as complex individuals? And why are women being listed now? What do these news items say about the current state of gender relations? We might be ranking women, but are we hiring them, listening to them, promoting them, paying them fairly, encouraging them, exhibiting them, and recommending them? Are we supporting them? Are these lists indicative of change? Or is this just a passing trend?

Ruba Katrib is curator at SculptureCenter in New York.

ON SEXISM IN THE ART WORLD

A "woman" is fine so long as she is white, not feminist, and plays the role of "artist genius"

BY AMELIA JONES

The art world, with its various marketplaces (the gallery, the auction house, the art magazine, the art school, the art-history or critical-studies department), is clearly not the same beast in terms of inclusion that it was in the early years after WWII or even in the 1980s and '90s. "Women's work"—both in the sense of art and labor—is now more accepted and respected than in the past.

Nevertheless, as the revised Guerrilla Girls-type statistics released recently by Pussy Galore demonstrate (Fig. 8), we have a long way to go before those in the art world identified as female (artists, curators, museum directors, funding officers, academics, art critics) are treated with equal respect as those identified as male. Simply put, works by women artists are still worth far less than similar works by men from the same generation and locale.

What interests me now, having worked as a curator, art historian, and art writer for 25 years, is the way in which patterns of exclusion occur, drift away, or morph into something else. In terms of feminism, for example, alternative institutions were being built in the early 1970s but slowly atrophied and disappeared by the late 1980s and early 1990s (for example, the Woman's Building in Los Angeles). The few major shows of feminist art in the 1990s—from "Bad Girls" of 1994 (appearing at galleries in New York, Los Angeles, Glasgow, and London) to Lydia Yee's 1995 "Division of Labor" at the Bronx Museum of the Arts to my 1996 "Sexual Politics" at the Hammer Museum—were largely ignored or panned by the mainstream art world, with the exception of Catherine de Zegher's highly touted 1996 "Inside the Visible," which included powerful work but presented it in an ahistorical, apolitical, and unthreatening fashion. Then, around 2005 to 2007, major museums in Europe and North America showed a renewed, albeit brief, interest in feminism, culminating in "WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution" (curated by Connie Butler and originating at MOCA in 2007) and "Global Feminisms" (organized by Maura Reilly and Linda Nochlin, also debuting in 2007, at the Brooklyn Museum). Camille Morineau's brilliant "elles@centrepompidou," which opened in 2009, was the finale, capping that burst of interest in feminist art on the part of the mainstream, but still mostly Western or Western-dominated, art world.

We are now once again hard put to find at the big institutions feminist shows or exhibitions of works addressing gender, sexual, and other interrelated social inequities. The larger, staid institutions move slowly and demonstrate little interest in supporting more shows devoted to work by women of the past or to current feminist art, or in implementing feminist value systems (which, in my view, must highlight issues of gender as they relate

to other identifications and political exigencies). They rarely attend to, or are called out for, ignoring inequities in exhibition and collecting practices. Meanwhile, commercial galleries and auction houses privilege work by artists who fit into “safe” categories (such as “white male painter” or “white male intermedia artist”). Clearly racist, classist, and geographically exclusionary, the system is also sexist and heteronormative: a “woman” is fine so long as she is white and not feminist and plays the role of “artist genius”; “gay” may be acceptable as long as the artist can be identified as male and white and fitting into a middle- or upper-class value system.

Always given top value is art that can be easily marketed, including not only discrete objects but also works created by figures who fit normative ideas of how a “great artist” looks and acts: Picasso, Warhol, Matthew Barney, even (weirdly) Marina Abramović. The body doesn’t have to be identifiably “male,” but the artist-subject has to fit into the masculinist category of “creative genius.” Barney and Abramović, while appropriating tropes and strategies, such as performance, from feminist and queer art and theory, freeze the performative into objects or spectacles that can be readily commodified. Again, a few “queer” tropes or “feminist” appropriations here and there are fine for the art world as long as the work is still by an artist who appears to be white and male (or, really, “masculine” and “phallic”). Call this the “Margaret Thatcher syndrome.”

Instead of belaboring the depressingly commodified state of the global art world, I’d prefer to focus on the alternatives in terms of venues and artistic/aesthetic strategies. These are continually being articulated, produced, and presented through public institutions that we might consider “minor” in scale and visibility but that are “major” in their capacity to affect an otherwise narrow-minded art world as well as broader audiences from the non-specialist public. Their impact lies in the different kinds of creativity they proffer, produced by artists who are usually far from being identified with the white male artist. While not disregarding the potential importance of large museum exhibitions and programming in foregrounding feminist goals, artists, and movements, I find

these more modest venues more creatively vital at this moment for achieving feminist goals.

I have just returned to Los Angeles after living abroad for eleven years, and have been awed by the amazing ventures running on shoestring budgets while developing radical alternative content, such as: Human Resources L.A., a performance/art space showing queer, feminist, and anti-racist work, and featuring artists who stand on a continuum beyond the crude categories of “male” and “female”; the ONE National Gay & Lesbian Archives at University of Southern California, where I teach (which, guided by director Joseph Hawkins and programming curator David Frantz, features performances and exhibitions relating to their extensive archive of queer historical materials); and the Blk Grrrl Book Fair initiative, organized by black feminist activist and journalist Teka-Lark Fleming and artist and curator Skira Martinez.

Finally, I’d like to say that the Blk Grrrl Book Fair, which mounted their annual event in March 2015 at Martinez’s Cielo Galleries & Studio in South Central Los Angeles, was one of the liveliest events I’ve witnessed in a long time. Fleming and Martinez brought together publishers, artists, poets, performers, along with books, zines, and artworks by radical feminist artists and writers, all identifying with the black (or “Blk”) community’s goals of promoting culture that is anti-racist and class-conscious in its feminism. The fair included the feminist films of Julie Dash, the anti-racist paintings of Lili Bernard, L.A. Queer Resistance’s “Transfeminist Revolt” lecture, readings of Audre Lorde’s *Sister Outsider*, and the trash-talking poetry of Snatch Power (read off an iPhone). The Blk Grrrl Book Fair drew on strategies and attitudes from riot grrrl feminism to the Black Power movement, creating its own vibrant and politically exciting version of feminism. In fact, creating its own “art world.” *This is the art world I want.*

Amelia Jones is the Robert A. Day Professor in Art and Design and Vice-Dean of Critical Studies at the Roski School of Art and Design at University of Southern California. She is a curator and a theorist and historian of art and performance.

LINDA NOCHLIN ON FEMINISM THEN AND NOW

BY MAURA REILLY

MAURA REILLY: AT WHAT POINT IN YOUR LIFE DID YOU REALIZE THAT THERE WAS SUCH A THING AS INEQUALITY BETWEEN THE SEXES?

Linda Nochlin: I remember vividly my first act of proto-feminist critique in the realm of the visual. I must have been about six years old when I performed this act of desecration. Slowly and deliberately I poked out the eyes of Tinker Bell in an expensively illustrated edition of *Peter Pan*. I still remember my feeling of excitement as the sharp point pierced through those blue, long-lashed orbs. I hoped it hurt, and I was both frightened and triumphant looking at the black holes in the expensive paper. I hated Tinker Bell—her weakness, her sickening sweetness, her helplessness, her wispy, evanescent body (so different from my sturdy plump one), her pale hair, her plea to her audience to approve of her. I was glad I had destroyed her baby blues. I continued my campaign of iconoclasm with my first-grade reader—*Linda and Larry*, it was called, and Larry was about a head taller than Linda and always the leader in whatever banal activity the two were called on to perform. “See Larry run. See Linda run. Run, Larry, run. Run, Linda, run,” etc. I successfully amputated Larry’s head with blunt scissors on one page of the reader and cut off his legs on another: now they were equal and I was satisfied.

MR: IN JANUARY 1971, YOU PUBLISHED “WHY HAVE THERE BEEN NO GREAT WOMEN ARTISTS?” IN A PIONEERING AND CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE OF *ARTNEWS*. WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO WRITE THIS NOW CANONICAL ESSAY?

LN: When I embarked on “Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?” in 1970, there was no such thing as a feminist art history: like all other forms of historical discourse, it had to be constructed. New materials had to be sought out, a theoretical basis put in place, a methodology gradually developed.

MR: YOUR ESSAY “STARTING FROM SCRATCH” (PUBLISHED IN YOUR NEW BOOK, *WOMEN ARTISTS: THE LINDA NOCHLIN READER*, THAMES & HUDSON, 2015) CAPTURES BEAUTIFULLY WHAT APPEARED TO BE

A SENSE OF URGENCY ON THE PART OF LIBERATED WOMEN LIKE YOURSELF, AS YOU SOUGHT TO INTERVENE IN AND ALTER HISTORY ITSELF. BUT WAS THERE A SPECIFIC INCIDENT AROUND THAT TIME THAT INSPIRED YOU TO WRITE THAT ESSAY?

LN: I wrote [the essay] as the direct result of an incident that took place at Vassar graduation in 1970. Gloria Steinem was the graduation speaker...she had been invited by my friend Brenda Feigen, who was then a graduating senior. Her brother Richard Feigen was there. He was already a famous gallery person then, the head of the Richard Feigen gallery. After the ceremony, Richard turned to me and said, “Linda, I would love to show women artists, but I can’t find any good ones. Why are there no great women artists?” He actually asked me that question. I went home and thought about this issue for days. It haunted me. It made me think, because, first of all, it implied that there were no great women artists. Second, because it assumed this was a natural condition. It just lit up my mind. I am sure it was the catalyst that enabled me to put together a lot of things I had been thinking about, and stimulated me to do a great deal of further research in a variety of fields in order to “answer” the question and its implications, but his initial question started me off.

MR: THROUGHOUT YOUR SCHOLARSHIP OF THE 1970S, YOU MAINTAINED THAT, IN ADDITION TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF A REVISIONIST ART HISTORY, THERE WERE SEVERAL FUNDAMENTAL ISSUES THAT NEEDED TO BE ADDRESSED BEFORE FEMINISM IN THE ARTS COULD TRULY IMPLEMENT CULTURAL CHANGE. THE FIRST, OF COURSE, WAS THE NOTION OF “GREATNESS,” WHICH ITSELF MUST BE REDEFINED AS SOMETHING OTHER THAN WHITE, WESTERN, AND UNMISTAKABLY MALE. HAVE WE ACHIEVED THIS?

LN: I think the whole idea of “greatness” is out of date, as far as contemporary art is concerned, and rightly so. And so are single standards....I happen to think that women are now doing the most interesting and innovative work... and it is all quite different! No sign of a “female style”; no centralized imagery or necessary pattern and decoration, as some essentialist feminist art critics believed at the

beginning of the women's movement. A wide range of mediums, genres, and styles marks women's work today. To me, this is what is important. Women can do what they want, the way they want.

MR: YOU'VE ALSO ARGUED THAT THE "FAULT" LIES NOT IN OUR HORMONES, BUT IN OUR INSTITUTIONS AND EDUCATION. HOW MUCH HAVE THESE CHANGED SINCE THE 1970S?

LN: It is undeniable that both institutions and education have changed a great deal. M.F.A. programs are now comprised of 60 percent women students. There are courses on women artists, feminism and art, contemporary women artists, etc., at major institutions of learning. This would have been unheard of in my day. And yet it is perhaps arguable that even today women have to struggle harder to get to the top, whatever the top is. Certainly, there are more shows by women artists in museums, especially university museums, than there used to be. But men still command the top prices at auctions and in general. But do I think top prices are the equivalent of important, interesting art? Jeff Koons costs more than Courbet; what does that tell us about relative value? But I have a feeling the art market is going to be biased for a long time, despite the heartening progress that 20th- and 21st-century women artists have made in university galleries, in publications, and in museums. The art market is in many ways still a boys' club, with men competing with other rich men to see who can pay the highest prices. Can we really judge the value of art, by men or women, by the crazy logic of the market? Is some of the stuff that goes for millions really "worth" that amount? This is a complicated question.

MR: THEN THERE CAN BE CHANGE, AFTER ALL?

LN: Yes, I think that there can be change. I've seen it. Education, exhibitions, and, in general, making women's presence felt as part of normal practice in fields like art and, we hope, science and medicine. I mean, who would have thought when I was a kid, many, many, many years ago, that almost half of our doctors and medical students would now be women?

MR: YOUR ADVICE FOR WOMEN ARTISTS TODAY?

LN: Don't be afraid. This is very important. Or, if you are afraid, keep it down. Keep your goals and what you have to do to achieve them in mind. One of the things I did in the '70s was to study men. It was very interesting. In general or in public, anyway, they can take criticism. They do not burst into tears; they do not get all upset. Men say some really cutting, critical things about one another and that is acceptable. A level of confidence and an ability to take criticism is essential to success. Women all too often are not brought up to take intellectual and professional criticism, harsh criticism.

MR: NOR ARE WOMEN BROUGHT UP TO HAVE A VOICE, TO SPEAK OUT AND UP.

LN: Precisely. Men are trained to talk up.

MR: AND AS A CLOSING STATEMENT...?

LN: At a time when certain patriarchal values are making a comeback—as they always do during times of war and stress—it is well to think of women as refusing their time-honored role as victims or supporters. It is time to rethink the bases of our position and strengthen them for the fight ahead. As a feminist, I fear this moment's overt reversion to the most blatant forms of patriarchy—a great moment for so-called "real men," like football players and politicians, to assert their sinister dominance over "others," primarily women and people of color—the return of the barely repressed. Masculine dominance in the art world fits into this structure, and we need to be aware of it. But I think this is a critical moment for feminism and women's place in the art world. . . . We need to be conscious not only of our achievements, but also of the dangers and difficulties lying in the future.

Kathleen Gilje, *Linda Nochlin in Manet's Bar at the Folies-Begère*, 2005.

A widely published writer on art and feminism, Linda Nochlin is the former Lila Acheson Wallace Professor of Modern Art at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts. This is an edited excerpt of an interview that appears in Women Artists: The Linda Nochlin Reader (Thames & Hudson, June 2015).





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Hito Steyerl, *Lovely Andrea* (still), 2007, digital video with sound. 30 minutes.

HITO STEYERL

ARTISTS SPACE EXHIBITIONS & ARTISTS SPACE BOOKS AND TALKS
MARCH 8 - MAY 24

With her mesmerizing post-digital videos and documentations of lecture-performances, Hito Steyerl proves herself one of the most intriguing and profound artists around. She deals with the circulation of data and images, the slippages between truths and fictions, the destabilizations of digital culture, the political implications of hypercapitalism, and the migration of found images across different contexts—and somehow makes it all fascinating.

Her double survey at Artists Space included eight existing videos and one new work in an installation she conceived. Opening with *Red Alert* (2007), a computer-monitor triptych that politicizes the monochrome, the show included *In Free Fall* (2010), which weaves a web of connections among a plummeting parachutist, Howard Hughes, the stock-market crash, the Entebbe rescue, a crashing passenger plane, and the Mojave Desert airplane graveyard. This unsettling biography of an object collapsed, destroyed, and recycled its subject as a spectacularly exploding Hollywood prop while viewers reclined in first-class seats surrounded

by blue emergency-exit lights. Equally engrossing was *Liquidity, Inc.* (2014), which, in a space suffused with blue light, explored the various conditions of liquidity: economic, physical, metaphorical, and digital.

In *Lovely Andrea* (2007), which debuted in Documenta 12, Steyerl searches for a photograph of herself as a teenage bondage girl in Tokyo. Her video installations of lecture-performances, such as *Is the Museum a Battlefield?* (2013), convincingly linked military conflict with the history of art museums (built for economic or political ends, stormed during revolutions), and compared a Kodak camera with a Colt revolver and “mass art production” with the spread of firearms. Her new *Duty-Free Art* (2015) exposes the economic and geopolitical implications of the new “freeport” art-storage facilities in “extralegal” warehouses around the world. In a few short years Steyerl, who now occupies the German Pavilion in the 2015 Venice Biennale, has produced an oeuvre that ranks with and updates that of Johan Grimonprez and Pipilotti Rist.

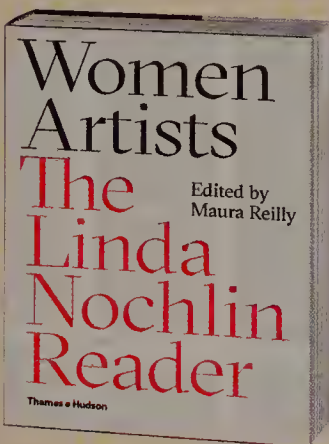
KIM LEVIN



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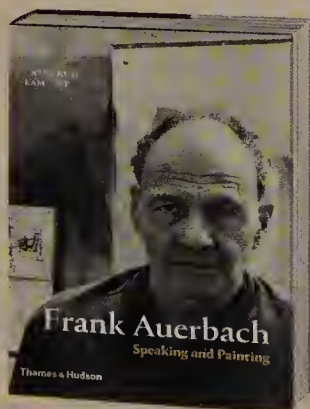
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Mariko Mori, *Cyclic VII*, 2014, aluminum, paint, and lacquer, 78¾" x 54½" x 85⅜".

78

MARIKO MORI

SEAN KELLY
MARCH 21 - MAY 2

Mariko Mori brilliantly filled this capacious gallery from floor to ceiling. Her sculptures hung from above, clung to the walls, stood firmly on the floor. Mori's mixed-media drawings and Fujiflex multiples then rerouted the visitor's gaze from three to two dimensions.

But all these breathtaking pieces in the show, titled "Cyclicscape," were linked by a single, geometric figure: the spiral. As complex in nature as it is in Baroque architecture, the spiral conjures myriad associations, and Mori alluded to many of them. Most of her three-dimensional sculptures were finished in a pearlescent lacquer that evoked the Biblical "pearl of great price," the ultimate object of desire.

In Mori's case, this coveted pearl takes on two identities: one is the all-too-easily overlooked genius of women; the other, embodied in her pearlescent spirals, is female sexuality. In her art, Mori can flaunt a physical sex usually kept hidden. Her work is no striptease, no pornographic

incitement but something infinitely more stimulating: the suggestion of that coveted female domain.

This is represented most strikingly in Mori's *Cyclic VII* (2014), a floor piece measuring approximately 78 by 54 by 85 inches. Here the spiral could be viewed as either spreading outward or focusing inward—that is, enacting both its expansive and secretive nature. It is a whirlpool drawing us in.

The pearlescent finish can be seen as alluding to an assertive, liquid female sexuality and to the passion the artist somehow manages to translate into an aluminum structure.

Where the sculpture stirred the viewer's passions into motion, the drawings and Fujiflex works invited meditation, much the way tantric art does, by using a fixed point that is also a void. They drew the eye in, but at the same time reminded viewers that Mori's work appeals both to the senses and the intellect.

ALFRED MAC ADAM



Nancy Graves, *Head on Spear*, 1969, steel, wax, marble dust, acrylic, animal skin, and oil paint, 96" x 24" x 12".

NANCY GRAVES

MITCHELL-INNES & NASH
JANUARY 29 - MARCH 7

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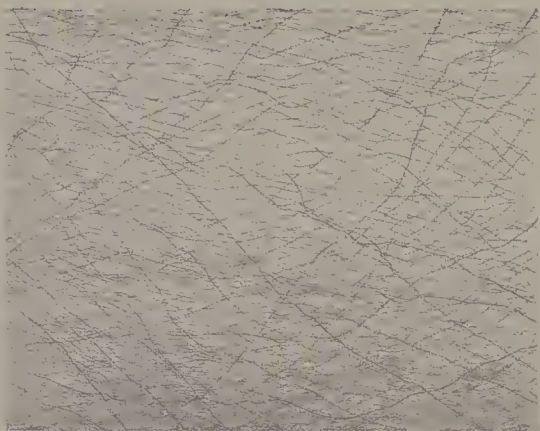
Nancy Graves—the youngest artist and fifth woman ever to have a solo exhibition at the Whitney—burst onto the scene in 1969 with three improbable handmade life-size camels that hovered between taxidermy and simulacra. Her work carried Post-Minimalism, conceptualism, and process art into unexpected maximal territory that extended from Paleolithic creatures and environmental issues to the very new science of hard data. This astonishing exhibition was not just a reminder of another neglected major woman artist, but an affirmation, on the 20th anniversary of her untimely death, that her work was so far ahead of its time, it is, even now, at the cutting edge.

Inside-Outside (1970), a dismantled camel skeleton constructed from steel, wax, acrylic, marble dust, fiberglass, animal skin, and paint, is a renegade scatter work on the floor, as are the bronze camel turds titled *Measure* (1978). *Izy Boukir* (1970), her hypnotic film study of a camel market in Morocco (sound by Philip Glass),

defies categorization. And when she turned to painting in the early '70s, her high-key washy colors, dots, and scribbles absorbed stray fragments of Frankenthaler, Kusama, Twombly, and Australian aboriginal art, while her coded scribbles within them were based on hard science—early satellite maps of the Indian Ocean floor or orbiter images of the surface of the moon at the exact spot where the Apollo astronauts had recently landed. Also camouflaged within were camels, jellyfish, spiders, and frogs. And her work absorbed something of her father, who worked in a natural-history museum.

A lifelike camel's head on a long pole, titled *Head on Spear* (1969), presided over this show with an enigmatic look of beatific satisfaction—as if to confirm Graves's startling, groundbreaking ambiguity. Crisscrossing the borders between art, life, reality, abstraction, natural science, and data from early satellite transmissions, her art encompassed an insatiable curiosity, a fierce poetics, and a defiant stance.

KIM LEVIN



Jacob El Hanani, *The Hebrew Barbed Wire*, 2013,
ink on paper, 30" x 36".

JACOB EL HANANI

ACQUAVELLA
APRIL 15 - JUNE 12

80

Jacob El Hanani's splendid drawings suggest that all art is autobiographical and that abstraction is a part of human nature. Potentially paradoxical, these conjoined ideas are also linked to another contradictory pair: our simultaneous need to reveal and conceal ourselves. El Hanani's meticulous pen-and-ink (his only medium) drawings are encoded self-expression, an aesthetic of secrecy.

For example, *The Hebrew Barbed Wire* (2013) appears at a distance to be a mass of loosely woven barbed wire. We see the wire, and we see through the tangle. Inspected at close range the barbed wire turns into the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. To inscribe those letters is to evoke a millennial tradition; to turn them into barbed wire is to allude to past horrors and current restraints. The alphabet simultaneously protects and imprisons. At the same time, the drawing floats before us, visually divorced both from barbed wire and Hebrew, a beautiful object.

Less obviously related to El Hanani's personal past is *Gauze* (2011), a drawing of a piece of textile. Certainly the relationship between text and textile comes to the point of this superb piece, but gauze is the sheer fabric we use to bind wounds and is thought to get its name from Gaza, where it was made. An excellent catalogue essay by the late Arthur Danto accompanies the exhibition.

ALFRED MAC ADAM



Yugen Teruya, *Constellation (Issey Miyake)*, 2012,
cut paper and glue, 12¼" x 4½" x 7⅛".

YUGEN TERUYA

JOSÉE BIENVENU
MARCH 5 - APRIL 11

Simplicity and extravagance mingled in these works of surprising amplitude. Using only common paper objects and ambient light, Yugen Teruya created entire solar systems and life cycles.

Laid out on a long, low white pedestal, nine yellowing issues of the *New York Times* comprised the medium and substance of "Minding My Own Business." From the above-fold image on each front page, plants appeared to sprout, as if reclaiming the paper for the earth. These cutouts, arranged in relation to the images beneath—all documenting sadness or atrocities—created an otherworldly effect.

In *Constellation* (2012), black luxury-brand shopping bags of various sizes are arranged into delicately balanced piles on wall-mounted shelves. Some bags show logos embossed on the thick paper; all are tipped horizontally to expose empty black interiors. When seen head-on against the white wall in the brightly lit room, elaborate networks of pinpricks appeared inside, like clusters of stars in the night sky.

In the back gallery a collection of unassuming brown paper bags, from lunch sacks to thimble-size replicas, again tilted toward us. Here the only surprise was how beautiful the sculptures are, with soft, ghostly light filtering through the waxy paper, all arranged like leaves on a tree reconstructed from its own processed parts.

ALEXA LAWRENCE



Araya Rasdjarmrearnsook, *The Treachery of the Moon* (still), 2012, single-channel video, 12 minutes, 36 seconds.

ARAYA RASDJARMREARNSOOK

SCULPTURECENTER
JANUARY 25 - MARCH 30
TYLER ROLLINS FINE ART
FEBRUARY 19 - APRIL 11

In these two shows, Thai artist Araya Rasdjarmrearnsook used video and sculpture to ponder the role of women in Thai society as well as the life cycle, canine psychology, and Jeff Koons's pornographic "Made in Heaven" paintings.

The SculptureCenter's mid-career survey showcased Rasdjarmrearnsook's more somber side. Much of the work tackled death in some way. In three videos from "The Class" (all 2005), Rasdjarmrearnsook gave Joseph Beuys-like lectures about death to real cadavers. While these required some knowledge of Theravada Buddhism, the most popular religion in Thailand, for full effect, they hit on something that transcends all cultures—the human desire to know what happens after life.

Animals, both living and dead, appeared often in these two shows. "Niranam," the Tyler Rollins Fine Art show, amped up the gross-out factor of Rasdjarmrearnsook's work with such videos as *In a Blur of Desire* (2007), a triptych of animals being killed in dank slaughterhouses. But Rasdjarmrearnsook's work is better when it's subtle, and the videos featuring her dogs were among the best in the show. In one, her paralyzed dog miraculously regains the power to run for an hour. The silent black-and-white video was a beautiful reminder of how, despite the inevitability of death, life can sometimes deliver unexpected beauty.

ALEX GREENBERGER



Arlan Huang, *Swimming Awkward Moment*, 2014, oil on canvas, 80" x 90".

ARLAN HUANG

TRESTLE
FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 27

Painter Arlan Huang expresses his artistic decisions in layers. This exhibition, titled "Swimming Awkward Moment," featured very large canvases in pastel hues and a series of extremely small paintings on acrylic, both illustrating equally the impact of his technique.

Swimming Awkward Moment (2014), measuring 80 by 90 inches, was a surprisingly strong image considering its predominantly pastel palette, punctuated in places by bright red. Huang randomly chose a dozen or so colors to work with, some of which he'd never used before, and then stood just inches from the canvas, painting thick lines that piled up as they curved and intersected. Huang uses this technique as a form of meditation. He raises his "chi," or breath, to direct his lines around the canvas, even though he can't see his paintings as a whole while working on them.

For the smaller *Lime for Blue* (2014), Huang painted on both sides of a sheet of acrylic, giving a kind of depth to the layers, which made them seem to hover in space.

In "Red's Blues," one of several series of very small pieces in this show, he painted on sanded green acrylic mirror. The oil from the paint pools around each bright daub of color, giving the impression of flower petals floating on the surface of a pond.

ANNETTE ROSE-SHAPIRO



Yevgeniya Baras, *Untitled*, 2014,
oil on canvas, 24" x 16".

YEVGENIYA BARAS

STEVEN HARVEY FINE ART PROJECTS
FEBRUARY 21 - MARCH 29

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Hovering between abstract, symbolic, and figurative, the paintings in "Of Things Soothsaid and Spoken" evoked the works of Forrest Bess, but these were pricklier and darker, with heavy layers of oil slathered over the canvases, raised frames, and bits of added wood. Somber tones were enlivened by touches of vermillion; lines were sometimes scratched into pigment, and landscapes were often implied. Albert Pinkham Ryder and Paul Klee came to mind.

In addition to being painted on the front, each work has a hidden image on the back, and one untitled painting made in 2014 was displayed on a pedestal so that both sides could be seen. The dark circle obscuring the mystical crescent moon on the reverse appears to be slipping off a raised round wood disk to continue over the lower canvas ground. At the edges, light is conveyed through stipples of pink, red, and white.

Another untitled painting features an image of a triangular eye painted over tinfoil. Sparkling lashes pop up from under thickly brushed purple and black and the shining silver pupil at the center is encircled at its edge by luminous blue-green.

Filled with compressed tension, these small paintings had a ritual, almost fetishistic aura, suggesting the long gestation period and considerable thought leading up to their final incarnations.

ELISABETH KLEY



Betty Parsons, *Untitled (7112)*, 1950s,
gouache on paper, 16¾" x 13¾".

BETTY PARSONS

DAVID FINDLAY JR.
MARCH 5 - 28

She is most famous for her New York gallery that—from the 1940s through the '70s—showcased the Abstract Expressionists, but Betty Parsons (1900–1982) was also a painter and sculptor. This appealingly intimate show featured 19 of her works, among them painted-driftwood sculptures and gouaches on paper. Unlike the heavy, angsty art of Clyfford Still, Jackson Pollock, and many of the other artists she championed, Parsons's own pieces have a light touch.

The paintings here were colorful and brushy—all as improvisatory as scat singing and just as insouciant. The sculptures were quirky bits of flotsam, painted with lobster-buoy stripes and piled up like children's blocks. *Wood Baby* (1970s), a droll, toddler-size piece with half a wooden spool for a head over something that might be a yoke or outstretched arms, seems part totem and part quiet joke. Made during that same period, when Parsons had a place on Long Island's North Shore, was *House by the Sea*, composed of five scraps of painted wood, evoking a fisherman's shack.

Parsons reveled in her materials, the inconsistent opacity of paint, the weathered grain of wood. She'd leave the paper rippled, the rusty nail jutting out. In this digital era, the physicality of her art may feel fresher now than when she first made it.

MONA MOLARSKY



Glenn Goldberg, *A Friend*, 2015, acrylic, gesso, ink, and pencil on canvas, 84" x 63".

GLENN GOLDBERG

BETTY CUNINGHAM
FEBRUARY 28 - APRIL 4

In "All Day," Glenn Goldberg's show of paintings (all 2015 and acrylic, gesso, ink, and pencil on canvas) and a suite of eight ink drawings, the artist conjured an idiosyncratic and fantastic world in shades of black, white, and gray, with patterns redolent of folk and outsider art, Persian miniatures, quilts, textiles, pointillism, and a sort of toned-down psychedelia. In Goldberg's sophisticated version of a fairy-tale world, creatures of indeterminate origin populate landscapes that could be meadows or oceans or skies. These creatures are essentially featureless, except for their eyes, which gaze into the distance and manage to convey quite a lot through very little.

A Friend, with its backdrop of stars or starfish, depicts a guileless being staring fixedly off into space. Ripe for anthropomorphizing, it appears both querulous and apprehensive. In the similarly titled *Friend*, what looks like a duck floats atop a gingham-style field of flowers, checkerboards, eyeballs, and breasts. A single eye is seen from the side, and "lips" are pursed as if to speak or to bestow a kiss. *Banner* portrays a dog fenced in on all four sides by Goldberg's decorative bands of various patterns. Despite their control and labor-intensive detail and mark making, these paintings purvey a transcendent yearning for freedom, achieved in part by the invention of an arena of infinite possibility.

AMANDA CHURCH



Vera Iliatova, *Rosesudden*, 2015, oil on linen, 26" x 30".

VERA ILIATOVA

MONYA ROWE
MARCH 1 - APRIL 12

Russian American artist Vera Iliatova's surreal paintings in "For Now, at Once" compared plain-Jane teenage girls with superannuated still lifes. The centuries-old association between women and nature has been done to death, even more so the use of half-bloomed flowers as a metaphor for adolescence and growth. But Iliatova is a thoughtful stylist, and with the works in this show she was able to breathe new life into those clichés using her visually complex technique.

These paintings took Jane Freilicher's warm, peaceful flower arrangements and turned them dark and moody, using a confusion of space to make the bouquets appear as '50s sci-fi monsters, threatening to abduct the girls who sulk and socialize around them. In *Separate Ways* (2015), a potted flower arrangement looks as if it is about to crush a weeping girl doubled over with grief below it. As one friend runs toward her, another stands agape. Meanwhile, a girl in a striped shirt snaps a photo with her iPhone.

These mysterious paintings established a haze of nostalgia with their mix of thick and thin strokes. It was as if the fog of time had blurred the edges of the landscapes, making it hard to determine their time or place. Like the girls in the paintings themselves, these canvases suggested works-in-progress, on the verge of a major change.

ALEX GREENBERGER

ON THE FRONT LINES

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Rauschenberg, *Untitled* (detail), ca. 1949



Yan Shanchun, *Ruangong Islet #5*. 2008, acrylic on canvas and mixed media, 39½" x 59".

YAN SHANCHUN

CHAMBERS FINE ART
FEBRUARY 26 - MAY 9

Arthur Waley, a 20th-century English translator of Chinese and Japanese literary classics, never visited China. When asked why not, he said he preferred the China of his mind. While artist Yan Shanchun actually lives there, he also seems to prefer an imagined China, specifically his native city, the beautiful Hangzhou, and more specifically, West Lake, the subject of his current exhibition.

In Yan's nearly blank paintings, or so they seem at first, panoramas emerge slowly, sensuously from creamy surfaces layered with paint, magically conjured by a suggestive stroke of blue here, a smear of black there, color kept at a minimum. His landscapes are the stuff of dreams—indeed, the title of one ghostly work is *West Lake in My Dream #1* (2009)—and most often depicted from memory.

But it is the series of small, exquisite copperplate etchings that are the exhibition's stars, their soft luminosity attributed to a blend of sulfur and olive oil developed by Yan. The marks evolve from simply what they are into delicate leaves that seem to rustle, gracefully curved tree trunks, or a shining lake, for instance, and then circle back toward the abstract.

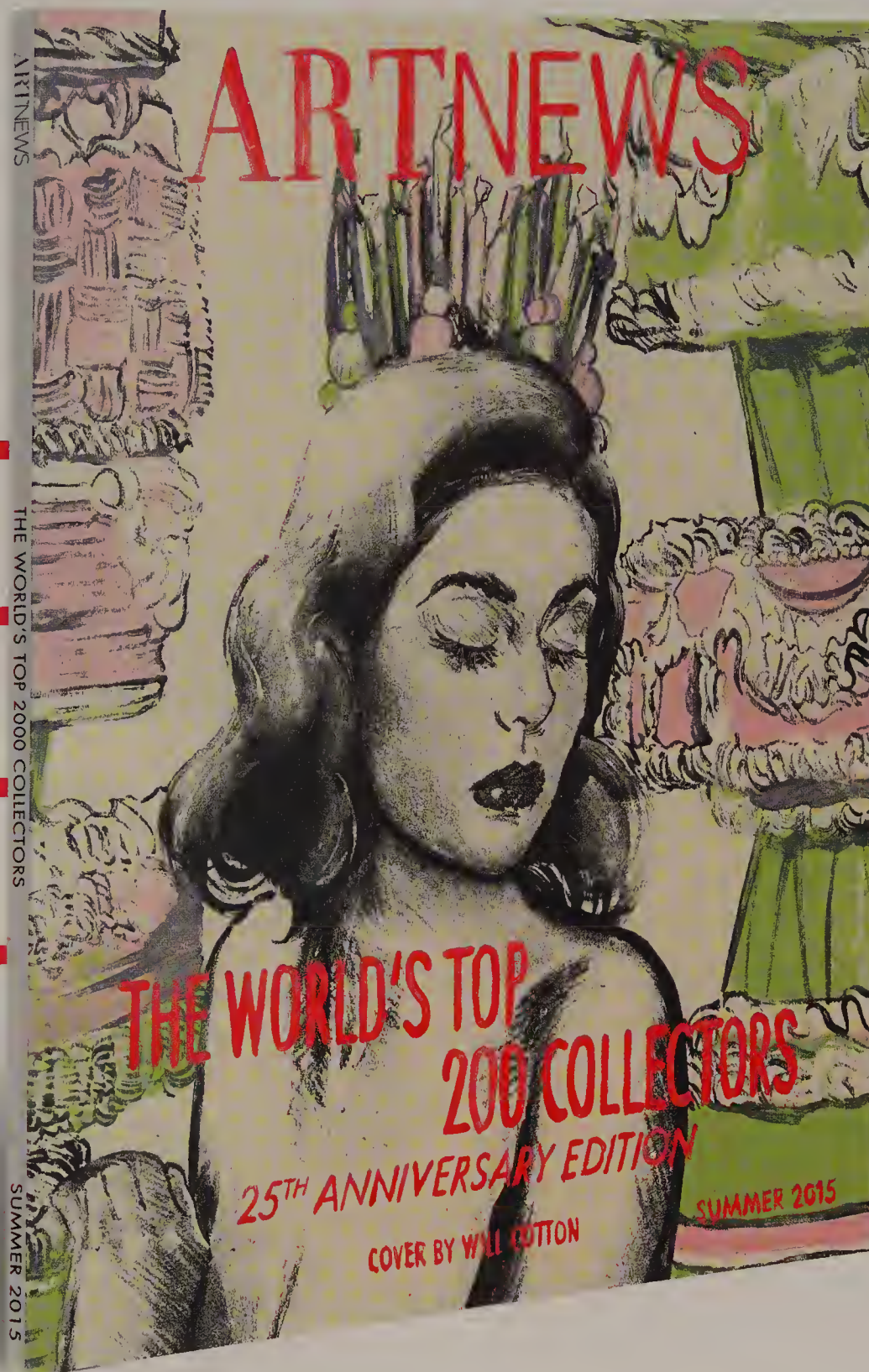
Adroitly balancing Western abstraction with classic Chinese literati painting and its calligraphic impulse, Yan captures the essence of both to create his own timeless reveries—no mean feat.

LILLY WEI

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George Osodi, *HRM Lucky Ochuko Ararile, The Ovie of Umiaghwa Abraka Kingdom*, 2012, C-print on Fuji Crystal Archive paper, 47¼" x 63". "Royals and Regalia."

"ROYALS AND REGALIA" & "MY ROCK STARS"

NEWARK MUSEUM
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
FEBRUARY 25 - AUGUST 9

87

Britain consolidated the territories comprising present-day Nigeria in 1914; a newly independent Nigeria abolished monarchies in 1963. Yet the country's regional kings (and queens) continue to exercise considerable power, if not in an official capacity, over kingdoms from Ife in the Niger Delta to Kano in the dry north.

"Royals and Regalia: Inside the Palaces of Nigeria's Monarchs" presents Nigerian photographer George Osodi's sumptuous color portraits of these rulers, whose bearing reflects their traditional position of authority. In a 2012 picture, His Royal Majesty Agbogidi Obi James Ikechukwu Anyasi II, Obi of Idumuje Unor, 88, stares sternly from beneath a beaded crown. His red, green, and yellow patterned robe, printed with a portrait of a young Queen Elizabeth II, appears to be a relic of Nigeria's colonial past; from beneath it peeks a pair of comfortably worn brown loafers.

In another photo from the same year, HRM Oba Okunade Sijuwade, Olubuse II, Ooni of Ife, wearing bright pink robes and flanked by five robed attendants and a security guard, reclines on an ornately carved couch. The room's five air conditioners speak to his status. These and other photographs hint at Nigeria's income inequality. But they also convey a deep respect for both the monarchs themselves and for their role as custodians of Nigerian culture.

Accompanying Osodi's show is "My Rock Stars," a compact exhibition of Moroccan British artist Hassan Hajjaj's photographs and videos of such international performers as the American musician Marques Toliver. The explicitly syncretist style of Hajjaj's subjects—often incorporating clothing designed by the artist—reverberates with that of Osodi's Nigerian sovereigns, who likewise dress to impress and give good attitude.

CARLY BERWICK



William Pope.L, *Reenactor* (still), 2012/2015, color and sound video installation, 185 minutes, continuous loop.

88

WILLIAM POPE.L

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART
LOS ANGELES
MARCH 21 - JUNE 28

William Pope.L's enormous interpretation of the American flag fills the cavernous central space at MOCA's Geffen Contemporary with mesmerizing sights and sounds. Flaunting an extra star and unruly stripes whose tail ends are beginning to separate into frayed ribbons, the 16-by-45-foot flag billows and twists in a gale-force wind created by four large industrial fans. Klieg lights programmed to dim and brighten in the darkened gallery add to the drama.

The artist calls the work—and the exhibition itself—*Trinket* (2008/2015), but the flag is anything but trivial. A spectacular evocation of an embattled democracy, unveiled in 2008 in Kansas City and making its second appearance here, the installation completely dominates the show.

Born in Newark and based in Chicago, Pope.L is best known as a performance artist who has crawled through the streets of New York wearing a business suit or a Superman costume and organized group “crawls” to focus on the plight of homeless people. But as this exhibition illustrates, he also addresses his sociopolitical

and personal subjects in paintings, photographs, videos, and sculptural installations.

In the video *Small Cup* (2008), a pointed commentary on Congressional dysfunction, chickens and goats demolish a model of the U.S. Capitol, reducing the stately building to a pile of debris. Tabletop displays of red, white, blue, and black painted onions, collectively called *Polis or the Garden or Human Nature in Action* (1998/2015), spark thoughts of decay and renewal as the onions sprout, shrivel, and pull away from their painted skins. In *Circa* (2015), a suite of 24 pink-and-white paintings, mysterious couplings of the word “fuschia” with other words ending in “a,” such as “fuschia ebola” and “fuschia manana,” slowly emerge from a turbulent marriage of abstraction and text.

These pieces and others effectively emphasize the range of Pope.L's work. But *Trinket* rules. A powerful example of the artist's expressive depth, the flag rises and falls with the wind even as it is being whipped to death.

SUZANNE MUCHNIC



Hiro Sakaguchi, *Gazing Fire/Chrysanthemum*, 2014,
acrylic on canvas, 60" x 52".

HIRO SAKAGUCHI

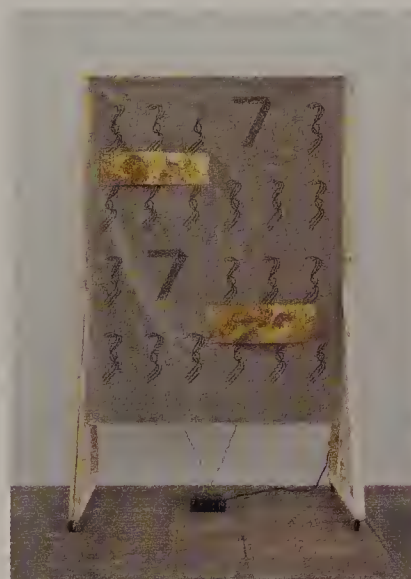
DELAWARE CENTER FOR THE CONTEMPORARY ARTS
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
NOVEMBER 11 - APRIL 26

While outwardly whimsical, the artworks in Hiro Sakaguchi's solo exhibition "Avert, Escape, or Cope With" nevertheless unsettle. Reflecting Sakaguchi's interest in Hollywood disaster films, his delicate renderings on paper and canvas depict pastel-colored worlds struck by unlikely catastrophes. In *Gravitational Pull (Land)*, *After Caspar David Friedrich* (2014), one of several large paintings in the show, an energy vortex seems to be Hoovering up a small town. Another canvas, *Gazing Fire/Chrysanthemum* (2014), shows a bonfire flickering in a post-apocalyptic landscape.

Resembling the visions of William T. Wiley or the Chicago Imagists filtered through Japanese anime, Sakaguchi's work employs a vocabulary of recurring images. The blaze in *Gazing Fire/Chrysanthemum* looks like a flower, a subject Sakaguchi often depicts, sometimes in place of explosions. Other repeating motifs include teddy bears, trains, and Lego blocks—symbols of childhood that the artist employs to convey adult concerns.

The apocalypse, should it come, does not seem like a fearful future if works like the sculptural installation *Boat with Hibachi Engine* (2011) are anything to judge by. The boat sits atop a carpet printed with an image of a whirlpool, but it comes complete with a fishing pole, a beer cooler, and a small stove. Just like in the movies, survival is assured.

ANNETTE MONNIER



Sergei Tcherepnin, *Ping Pong Foley*, 2015,
mixed media, 72½" x 55¼".

SERGEI TCHEREPNIN

OVERDUIN & CO.
LOS ANGELES
MARCH 22 - APRIL 18

Sergei Tcherepnin makes sensually engaging works that draw attention to the activity of listening. Trained as a composer, he often uses surface transducers—gizmos that convert electrical signals into vibrations—to turn ordinary objects into speakers. For the solo exhibition "Body Bound Notations" Tcherepnin debuted a flight of artworks that respond with different tones to the viewer's touch.

In the gallery's first room, horizontal banners of dark fabric, rectangles of thin brass sheet, and two small paintings faced a semicircle of wooden folding chairs, as if ready to perform. When the artist "played" the metal sheets for the opening of the exhibition, he lifted and angled them to affect audience members' aural experience. At a certain point he offered a "palate cleanser" by playing the paintings, which produced a fast-paced, high-pitch, digital arpeggio that indeed reset the listeners' ears.

Occupying the rest of the gallery were a number of freestanding fabric panels mounted on wheeled bases. The striped cloth was painted with repeating symbols like musical notations, while pieces of sheet metal attached to the panels played sounds that were only audible if the metal was pressed against hidden transducers. As they ran fingers and palms over the works, viewers appeared to be conducting energy, even as they were essentially conducting music.

ALEXANDRA CAPRIA



PEACOCK ROOM

REMIX

Darren Waterston's *Filthy Lucre*

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Peacock Room REMIX is organized by the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery. Darren Waterston's installation *Filthy Lucre*, 2013-14, was created by the artist in collaboration with MASS MoCA, North Adams, Massachusetts.

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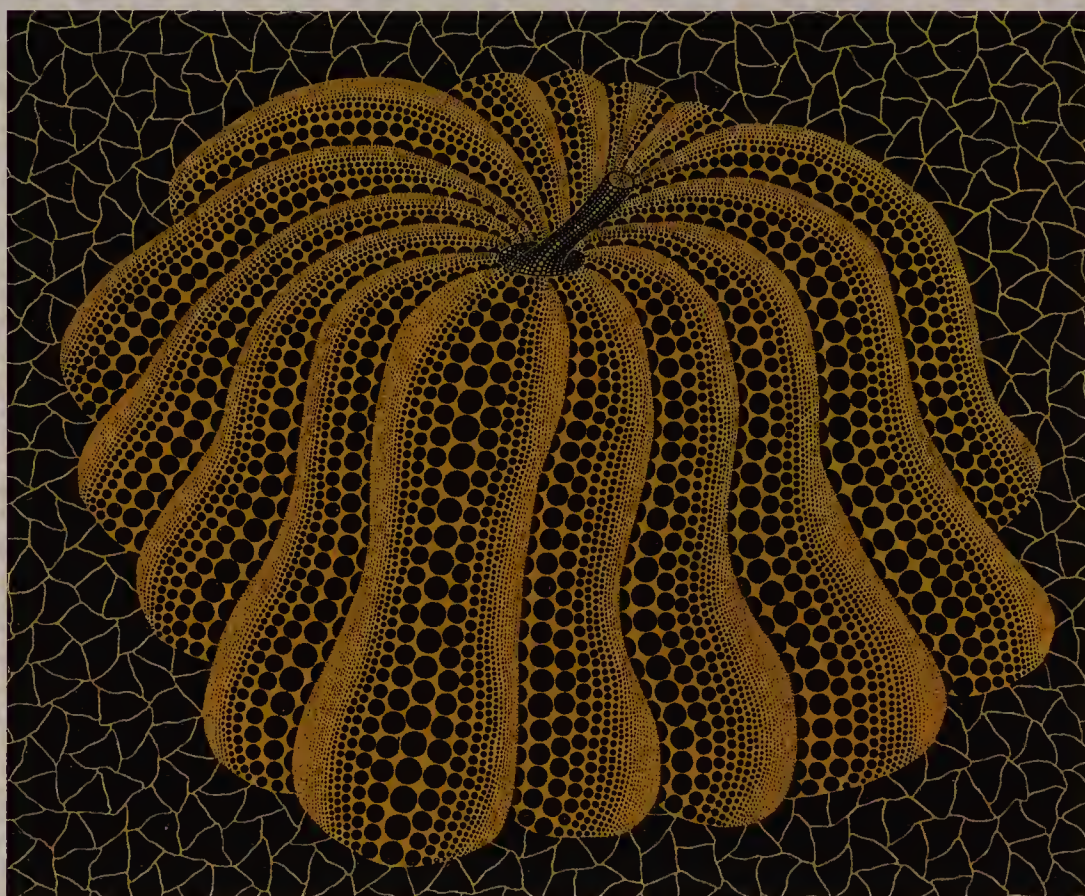
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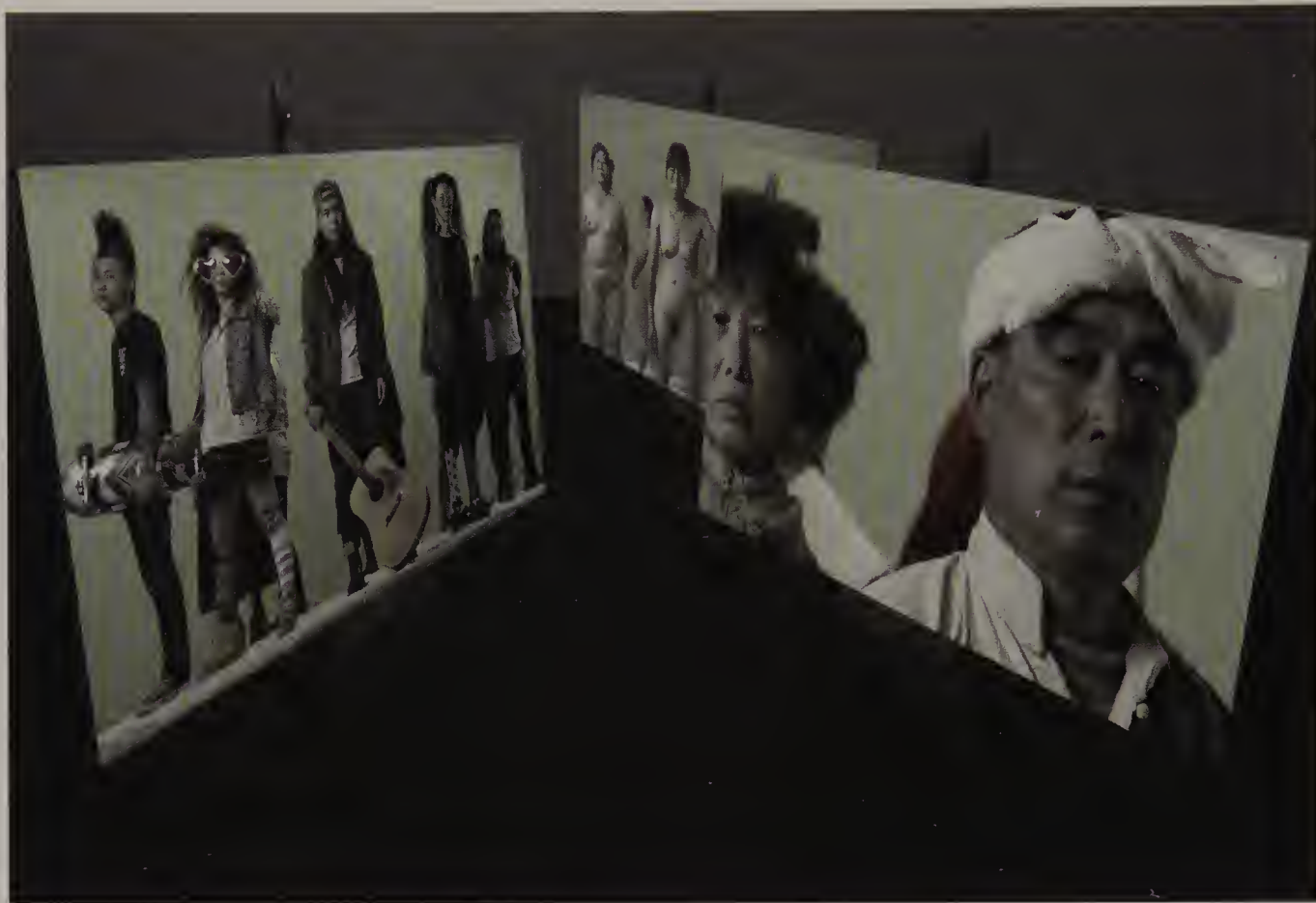
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Left: Italian, Bust of a Youth. 18th Century Bronze. Image Courtesy of Tomasso Brothers Fine Art; Above: Yayoi Kusama, 'Pumpkin (c)', 1992. Image Courtesy of Nukaga Gallery. ® Masterpiece is a registered trademark of Masterpiece London Limited. ® RBC is a registered trademark of Royal Bank of Canada. Used under license.



Wang Gongxin. *Whose Studio*. 2014, 9-channel video installation, 9 minutes.

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WANG GONGXIN

OCAT
SHANGHAI
MARCH 21 - MAY 24

It's been 20 years since Beijing-born artist Wang Gongxin returned to China after a decade in New York City. In this solo exhibition, he reflected on the ideas and events that have shaped his work.

The show opened with a series of photographs documenting Wang's 1995 project *The Sky of Brooklyn: Digging a Hole in Beijing*, for which he dug a deep well in the courtyard of his house in China. At the bottom of the well he placed a monitor that played a video, made before leaving Brooklyn, of the sky in New York. Visitors to the courtyard were thus treated to the illusion of looking through the well to the other side of the world. A play on "digging a hole to China," the work neatly turned an idiom connoting a futile pursuit into a metaphor for possibility.

From there, the show jumped to the present with three recent video installations, all inspired by historical works of art. *Whose Studio* (2014), for example, reenvisioned Gustave Courbet's critique of French society, *The Painter's Studio* (1854–55), as a sociological study of Chinese citizenry.

In it, images of various groups of people—nude models, construction workers, hipsters, office managers—appear on nine mural-size screens as if all classes of Chinese society are flooding into the exhibition space. Far more allegorical is *Blood Stained Auction* (2014), which takes a depiction of peasants bringing a cruel landlord to justice from Wang Shikuo's 1959 painting *Blood Stained Shirt* and updates it as a scene of a contemporary art auction. Interspersing slow-motion shots of buyers bidding on artworks with images of overflowing glasses of wine (or is it blood?), the piece comments on the cruel impact that the ever-increasing commercialization of the Chinese art world has had on artistic innovation.

Whether younger viewers will recognize Wang's reference to a pre-Cultural Revolution academic realist painter is debatable. But Wang makes a convincing case that one cannot escape the power of the past, even one that this artist has spent most of his life rebelling against.

BARBARA POLLACK



Uri Gershuni, *Untitled (40)*, from "The Blue Hour," 2014, cyanotype, 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 7".

"6 ARTISTS 6 PROJECTS"

ISRAEL MUSEUM
JERUSALEM
FEBRUARY 11 - AUGUST 29

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This presentation of new work by six contemporary artists marks the start of the Israel Museum's 50th anniversary celebrations. While the participating artists were all born in Israel, their projects, mostly taking a conceptual approach, were created in far-flung locations. Gilad Ratman, for example, orchestrated an event in Romania inspired by the American rock group Metallica's concert in Moscow in 1991, only months before the collapse of the Soviet Union. Ratman's film shows five heavy-metal bands performing in a field, their amplifiers buried in a pit. Distorted sounds erupting from the earth when they play prove an imaginative metaphor for the clash between Western freedom of expression and the stifling of speech and action in 20th-century Eastern Europe.

Uri Gershuni's print series "The Blue Hour" focuses on the 19th-century photography pioneer William Henry Fox Talbot. Gershuni employed Google Street View to take a virtual tour of Talbot's lifelong home, the English

village of Lacock, then printed selected screenshots as blue-tinted cyanotypes. With details already obscured by Google in accordance with privacy laws, these eerie images give no clue as to where and when they were created.

The exhibition also features Roi Kuper's dream-like photographs of the Gaza Strip seen from afar; Ido Michaeli's handwoven carpet, fabricated in Afghanistan, bearing images from Israeli and European art; Tamir Lichtenberg's sealed boxes, each containing a month's worth of his work and sold to collectors for an amount equal to the average Israeli monthly salary; and Dana Levy's video, shot at night in Florida's Everglades National Park, that combines sounds of oil drilling with scenes of floodlit nature.

A concurrent historical show in the museum underscores the insularity of the Israeli art world fifty years ago. Here, the curators effectively demonstrate that the country's contemporary artists are, by contrast, engaged in a lively global discourse.

ANGELA LEVINE



Daniel G. Andújar, *Individual Citizen Republic Project™: The System (x-devian)*, 2003, open-source computer operating system, installation view.

DANIEL G. ANDÚJAR

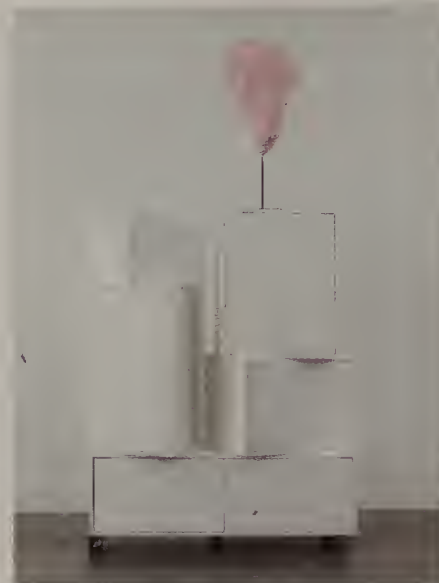
MUSEO NACIONAL CENTRO DE ARTE REINA SOFÍA
MADRID
JANUARY 21 - MAY 4

Spanish artist Daniel G. Andújar examines the way powerful corporations use media and technology to create the illusion of consumer participation. Distributed by his fictional company Technologies to the People® (TTTP), with its slick logo and noble-sounding slogan ("Access to Technology is a Human Right™"), artworks such as *Individual Citizen Republic Project™: The System (x-devian)*, 2003—consisting of an open-source computer operating system—double as seductive phony products.

Documentation of these and other interventions by Andújar into real and virtual space were on view in this solo show, which was cosponsored (with TTTP) by another fake entity: the Chinese company Xiu Shui. On Andújar's pirate exhibition website (sos.danielandujar.org), Reina Sofía's real-world staff are joined by three virtual Xiu Shui "creatives." These subtle operations allow Andújar to satirize self-serving corporate sponsorships of the arts.

In the last gallery, Andújar's Parthian shot at museum culture took the form of new works focusing on Picasso's *Guernica* (1937), enshrined two floors below. These included the video *CCTV Guernica* (2014), in which security footage of the iconic painting alternate with scenes in which a motley crew of animated characters inflict their perverse operations on the jewel in Reina Sofía's crown.

RICHARD FLETCHER



Franz West, *Kasten and Rose*, 2008/2010, six-piece mixed-media installation, 110¼" x 57½" x 29½".

FRANZ WEST

GALERIE EVA PRESENHUBER
ZURICH
FEBRUARY 28 - MAY 23

This was the tenth exhibition that Eva Presenhuber has dedicated to the output of Austrian artist Franz West and the first since his death in 2012. It covered three important groups of work from West's diverse oeuvre: the prop-like "Passtuecke" ("Adaptives"), which he began making in 1974, his sculptural works of the 1990s, and the painted-and-collaged poster designs he made for his own exhibitions over the decades. The overall mood was one of openness, in keeping with West's career-long interest in art that was interactive, immersive, and accessible.

The "Adaptives" originally played a role in West's performance art, which followed on the heels of the short-lived Viennese Actionism movement of the '60s but eschewed the Actionists' violent and sexual imagery. Abstract forms made of plaster and papier-mâché, the "Adaptives" were utilized by viewers as extensions of the body, or, in the case of a long pole with a hat-like protrusion, for collecting contributions. Archival video clips showed them in use; now "decommissioned," they appeared as ghostly sculptural objects.

A second gallery contained an installation of pieces of old furniture—tables, armoires, and the like—that had been transformed with splashes of paint into works of art. These shared space with and even served as pedestals for the bulbous, brightly colored papier-mâché sculptures that set the mood for this free-wheeling, multifaceted show.

MARY KRIENKE



Dóra Maurer, *Seven Rotations 1-6*, 1979, six gelatin silver prints, 7 $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 7 $\frac{7}{8}$ ", each.

"ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK SQUARE"

WHITECHAPEL
LONDON
JANUARY 15 - APRIL 6

“Adventures of the Black Square: Abstract Art and Society 1915–2015” opened with the painting *Black Quadrilateral* (ca. 1915) by Russian Polish artist Kazimir Malevich. An off-kilter black rectangle on a white field, the painting is small—a mere 6½ by 10 inches—and unassuming. Yet it was among Malevich’s works that inaugurated the Suprematist movement, whose artists were closely associated with the Russian Revolution.

With over 100 pieces by 100 artists from around the world, the show examined modernism’s social legacy through the lens of geometric abstraction. Aleksandr Rodchenko’s radically cropped black-and-white photograph *Shukhov Tower, Moscow* (1929), for example, speaks to the Russian avant-garde’s rejection of bourgeois figurative art, as does El Lissitzky’s abstract propaganda poster *Beat the Whites with the Red Wedge!* (1919–20).

The theme of abstraction’s relationship to society is sustained in works such as Fernand Léger’s *La Ballet Mécanique* (1923–24), a cinematic commentary on modern speed and spectacle, and Cildo Meireles’s *Southern Cross* (1969–70), a tiny cube of wood representing Brazil’s indigenous cultures. But the show loses focus with such contemporary works as Gabriel Orozco’s *Light Signs #1 (Korea)*, 1995, an arrangement of colored circles that is more pretty than political.

RICHARD HOLLEDGE



Chen Yujun, *Temporary Building No.131210*, 2013, acrylic on canvas, 118 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 78 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

CHEN YUJUN

JAMES COHAN
SHANGHAI
MARCH 6 - APRIL 18

Shanghai artist Chen Yujun was born in 1976, just two years before China initiated the program of economic reforms known as the Reform and Open Door policy. In the solo exhibition “The Second Door,” Chen addressed the far-reaching changes in Chinese society resulting from those reforms.

By altering the gallery space Chen conveyed the disconnection between old and new orders, and between internal and external realities, that is a fact of life in modern Chinese culture. To enter, visitors stepped up into a room transformed by the addition of a raised plywood floor and navigated around salvaged doors and hand-peeled wooden poles. Hanging on the walls were paintings and works on paper. Typical of these paintings was *Crooked House No.141107* (2014), which splices different views of a building into a cubist composition. In the galleries beyond were such deliberately crude installations as *Prospering descendants of Yingshui* (2014–15), featuring two wooden sculptures resembling many-roomed, ramshackle shelters.

Chen’s depictions of mazelike buildings vividly conjure physical and psychic dislocation. At the same time, his architectural interventions alter our sense of space, demonstrating how profoundly cultural change can reconfigure our most basic assumptions.

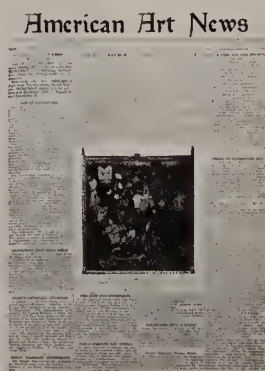
BARBARA POLLACK

100 YEARS AGO

"London Letter," by L. G.-S.

June 12, 1915

When the ill-fated Lusitania set sail, she numbered among her passengers many prominent members of the London art world, the date of her departure coinciding with the time of year when dealers who have been transacting business in America, return home and when potential buyers consider a visit to England well-timed. The ART NEWS has recorded the lives of Sir Hugh Lane, Edward Gorner, Martin Van Straaten, Albert Smith, George Letts and Charles F. Fowles, and has told the rescue of Frank Partridge, who was at first reported as among those who drowned.



75 YEARS AGO

"Show of American Abstract Painters and Architects," by James W. Lane

June 8, 1940

The decision of American abstract painters to admit architects as members and exhibitors to their group cannot but have been a salutary effect, since the work of the abstract painters, as can be seen in their show now at the Fine Arts Gallery, so often is based upon architectural principles. Gropius, for example, is represented in this exhibition by a photograph of his own house in Lincoln, Mass., the framework of which is in a handsome redwood sheathing. . . . Neutra is represented by an actual model for a large garage done for a California city.



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50 YEARS AGO

"Giacometti: In the Vicinity of the Impossible," by Mercedes Matter

Summer 1965

... objects are not works of art, he says. An object, like a bottle, is perfect; a work of art can never be perfect, since it only represents a particular vision, one view of reality, and so many others are equally valid. But a bottle breaks and it is nothing. A work of art, broken, damaged, so long as it still projects the vision it represents, continues to exist. An object does not represent a vision, it is a thing in itself. And this he rejected totally, once and for all. "I am persuaded that painting is only an illusion. The reality of painting is the canvas. But a painting can only represent what it isn't . . . that is, the illusion of something else."



25 YEARS AGO

"Hue and Cry," by Sylvia Hochfield

Summer 1990

Vatican City. It took Michelangelo four years, from 1508 to 1512, to paint the Sistine Ceiling. It has taken Vatican restorers a decade to clean it.

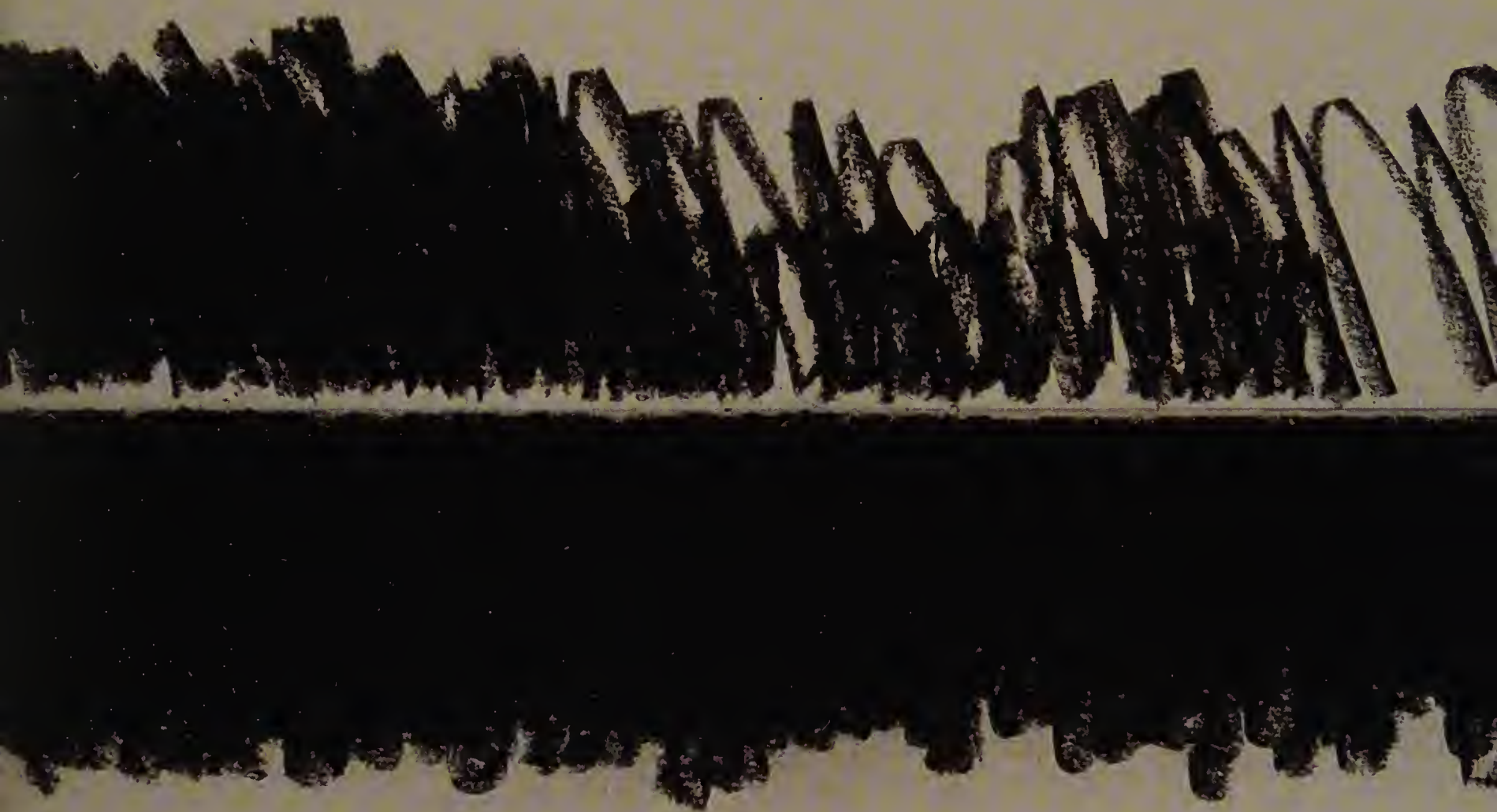
Unlike the artist, the restorers have worked in the glare of publicity, . . . constantly subjected to criticism. . . .

Now that the scaffolding has been removed and the full expanse of the ceiling is visible again, it gives a very different impression than it did in the past. That has been extremely disturbing to some. "The most common complaint is that these colors are too strong," said chief restorer Gianluigi Colalucci, "but they are the colors of that period."



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